

BRITANNIA

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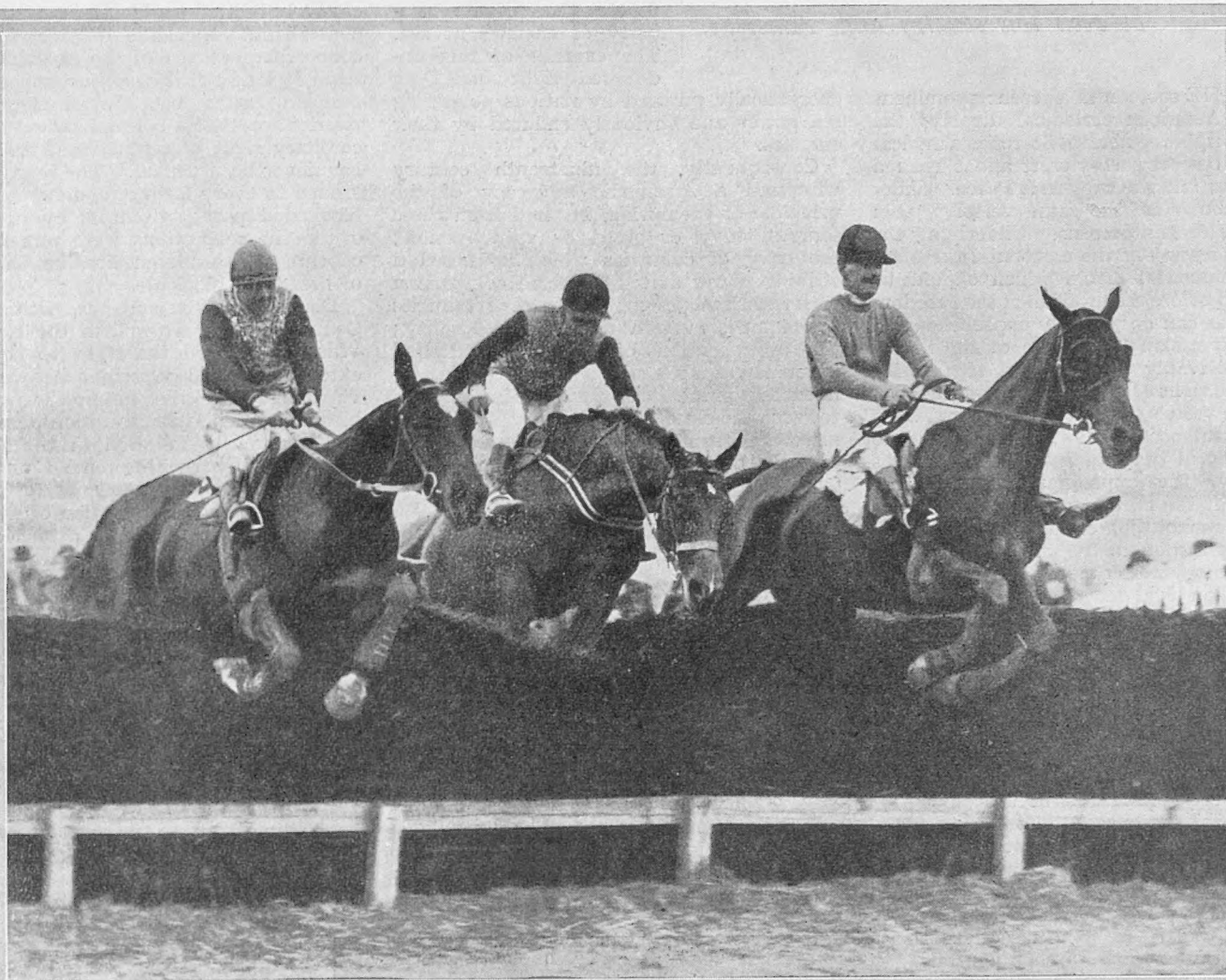
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All Eyes on Aintree To-day.

WHATEVER may be the opinions in Turf circles on the vexed questions of the totalisator and betting tax, there is but one opinion on the subject of the Grand National—the longest, most trying and greatest of all steeplechases in the world. Interest in this race is not confined to the British Isles, for many Americans cross the Atlantic specially to see the race, and sweepstakes are the order of the day on the outskirts of Empire.

No race in the calendar is so open, and in none is it more difficult to pick the winner. Many strange horses—some even promoted from the cab ranks—have appeared at Aintree in the past, and all seem to possess an

equal chance over that strenuous four-and-a-half mile course, which includes the famous Becher's Brook, the jump which has proved the stumbling block for so many promising favourites. And then some lumbering horse may come along, take the brook at his ease, and romp home at 66 to 1.

It is the glorious uncertainty of the race which makes it so attractive to all. Even from the best point of vantage it is impossible to see the whole course, but at every place where the spectators congregate there are sure to be thrills. Hotels in Liverpool and district are crowded, and, in the past, liners in the Mersey have been used to accommodate the overflow.

From London enthusiasts have flown to Aintree, returning after the race, while excursion trains from the Metropolis are invariably many and full. Such is the lure of the greatest of all steeplechases in the world.

To-day will be no exception. The form of the horses has been more than usually difficult to follow owing to the almost unprecedented number of *dies non* which racing has suffered owing to frost during the present year. But there is a record number of entries, among whom is Big Wonder, who is seen above, on the left, when he won the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham from Samode (right) and Sir Jasper (centre).

The U.S.A. and the FREEDOM of the SEAS

In this authoritative article Lord Birkenhead discusses the vexed question of the Freedom of the Seas and declares that it can only be conceded by common agreement between this country and America.

THE cartoon in a recent prominent American periodical displays the rights of neutral States as a modest but seaworthy craft afloat upon a placid sea; and the caption is Peace. Under the caption War, the same vessel is seen exploding to smithereens. Underlying the crude expression of the cartoonist there are two fundamental errors which should be dissipated before the problem of the Freedom of the Seas can be properly apprehended.

The expression "Freedom of the Seas" may conceivably be employed to describe the pacific right of navigation upon the open sea to the vessels of all nations engaged upon their lawful occasions. It has in fact no application in times of peace; used in this connection the expression has as little meaning as the Freedom of the Land. The accurate connotation of the phrase lies only in its application to the conditions of war. In phraseology rather more befitting political slogans than legal doctrines, it describes the claim of a state not at war to continue commercial intercourse with a country which is at war without any or, at least, a very limited, interference at sea on the part of that country's enemy. In a more extended sense it covers the claim to exempt even ships and cargo of enemies from capture at sea.

The second error lies in the suggestion that neutral rights cease to exist in time of war. The suggestion is without foundation. Not even the most powerful warring states, eager and able to throttle the trade of a beleaguered enemy, have denied to neutrals the right to conduct their normal trade with other neutrals. They have, not unnaturally, sought to restrict the use of neutral territory as a conduit for the flow of supplies to the enemy from other trading neutral states.

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS.

WHAT is normal trade? How define the supplies which a belligerent may prevent? These are the practical questions which international law has endeavoured to solve, and, in solving, to settle the ancient conflict between the right of a belligerent to conduct effective warfare and the right of a neutral to conduct profitable trade; between the claim of belligerents, who would make of the high seas a moat to enclose the enemy, and the claim of neutrals to employ as unhindered canals of supply.

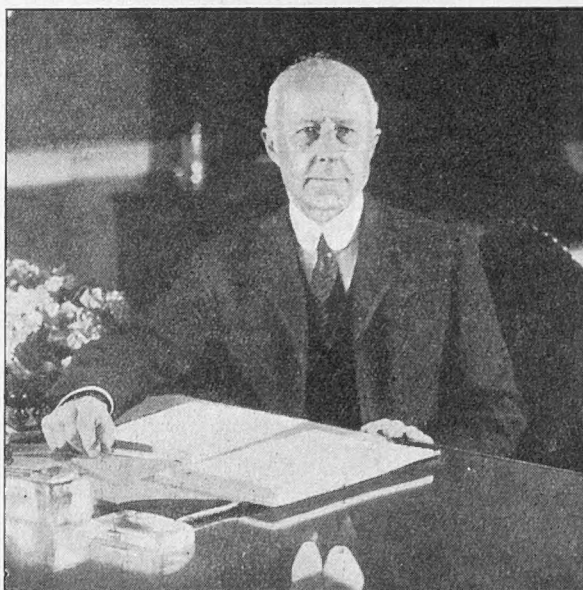
International law is based upon the consent of nations, implied from their conduct or expressed in their treaties. The practice of states at war allows no

room for any serious pretence that international law forbids the general right to capture and confiscate the private property of enemies at sea. The exercise of this undoubted right has been energetically pursued by nations possessing sea power and enviously endured by their enemies.

Consequently, the nineteenth century witnessed a spasmodic advocacy of the principle of exemption, inspired from three sources, envy or greed or apprehension; the envy of countries which possessed a striking power at sea feeble in comparison with their land power; the greed of countries which anticipated a profitable neutrality; the apprehension of those who desired immunity as a restraining or humanising influence upon the art of war and of those who, towards the close of the century, saw in the mercantile arm of Britain's sea power an essential but all too vulnerable limb.

LAW AND ENEMY SHIPS.

Neither the writings of jurists nor the arguments of diplomats were reflected in the conduct of their states when at war; and with the insignificant exception of the war between Italy and Austria in 1866 the pages of history will be turned in vain for exceptions to the practice of capture. The law as far as it relates to enemy ships, and to enemy cargoes in enemy ships, is clear; it can only be altered as it was made, by agreement. Whether Great Britain should subscribe to an alteration is a matter of policy which must be viewed not only in relation to rights which would be surrendered against enemy property at sea, but also as against neutral sea trade with enemy countries.



A desk cleared for action. Mr. Charles F. Adams, the new Secretary of the United States Navy.

BLOCKADE AND SEIZURE.

THE right of a belligerent to interfere with neutral seagoing commerce is broadly embraced by, although not exclusively limited to, blockade and seizure of contraband. Blockade of a port is the counterpart at sea of the investment of a town by land; it is a siege from the sea. A besieging army has always the right to restrict access to a beleaguered city and the corollary right of restriction from the sea has never been denied. The restriction extended to every form of commerce with the blockaded port; attempts by neutrals to evade the restrictions were punishable by capture and condemnation for the offence of breach of blockade.

Decisions given in the British Prize Courts by Lord Stowell in the Napoleonic Wars interpreted the right to capture as extending to all vessels, wherever found, voyaging with the intent "to run the blockade." This interpretation was accepted and generously followed in the American Civil War by the Supreme Court of the United States.

To this stringent operation of naval warfare the practice of States attached certain conditions. Chief among these was the requirement that a blockade to be legal must be effective. Hence Napoleon's notorious Decree of Berlin: "The British Isles are declared to be in state of blockade"—was insupportable when the French navy was incapable of effective interference with even British coastal fishing craft.

Under the leadership of the United States of America the rule was relaxed, and the world accepted as proper the blockade by the Northern States of 3,000 miles of Confederate coast from Chesapeake Bay to the Rio Grande, a blockade carried out by a force which could but inadequately patrol the coastline. The precedent was followed by the Allied Powers in their long-distance blockade of Germany; but in a series of diplomatic notes during 1915 and 1916 America inconsistently complained that the measures of the Allied Powers did not constitute "a blockade in law, in practice, or in effect" and did not conform with "the spirit and principles of the essence of the rules of war."

CONTRABAND ARTICLES.

FROM the time of the Crusades when Canons of the Church forbade Christians to export arms to the Saracen infidels, belligerents have exercised the right to prevent their enemies obtaining from neutrals supplies of arms or of any material destined for the use of the enemy forces. Goods which a belligerent could thus intercept were described as contraband of war. The tendency of modern warfare to demand the employment of almost every kind of material and of every grade of population has reduced the classification and enumeration of articles which may be designated as contraband to an absurdity. The tests of utility in war or combatant

By the Right Hon. the *EARL OF BIRKENHEAD*, G.C.S.I.

destination embrace almost every article of commerce. Recent practice may allow such trivial exceptions as face-powder and ear-rings; even these may in the future fall victims to a psychological application of the recognised tests. The difficulty of applying the law of contraband to modern conditions of warfare has lain, not in preventing the supply of goods of any kind shipped to the enemy direct, but in defining the extent to which a belligerent may go in exploring and stopping means of indirect supply. Thus, if in 1915 an American vessel bound for Hamburg were intercepted by the British Navy and suspected of carrying contraband there would be no question of the right to bring her before a British Prize Court for adjudication upon the nature of the cargo. But if the same vessel were bound for the Hook of Holland with cargo belonging to and consigned to Dutch merchants could it be seized for adjudication? How could the cargo be described as contraband? How could it be fastened with the description: "Destined for the use of the enemy"?

IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

AIDED by rules originated in the English Prize Courts, but developed, defined and perfected by the Supreme Court of the United States during the Civil War, the difficulty was logically and legally overcome. Lord Stowell had decided with reference to the *Polly*, a neutral American vessel seized upon a forbidden trade: "If an American is not allowed to carry on this trade directly, neither can he be allowed to do so circuitously." This and similar decisions were directed against ingenious neutral attempts to evade condemnation for indulging in a forbidden trade between ports A and B, by an expedient call at an intermediate port C. The courts had no difficulty in regarding the voyages between A and C and C and B as one continuous voyage.

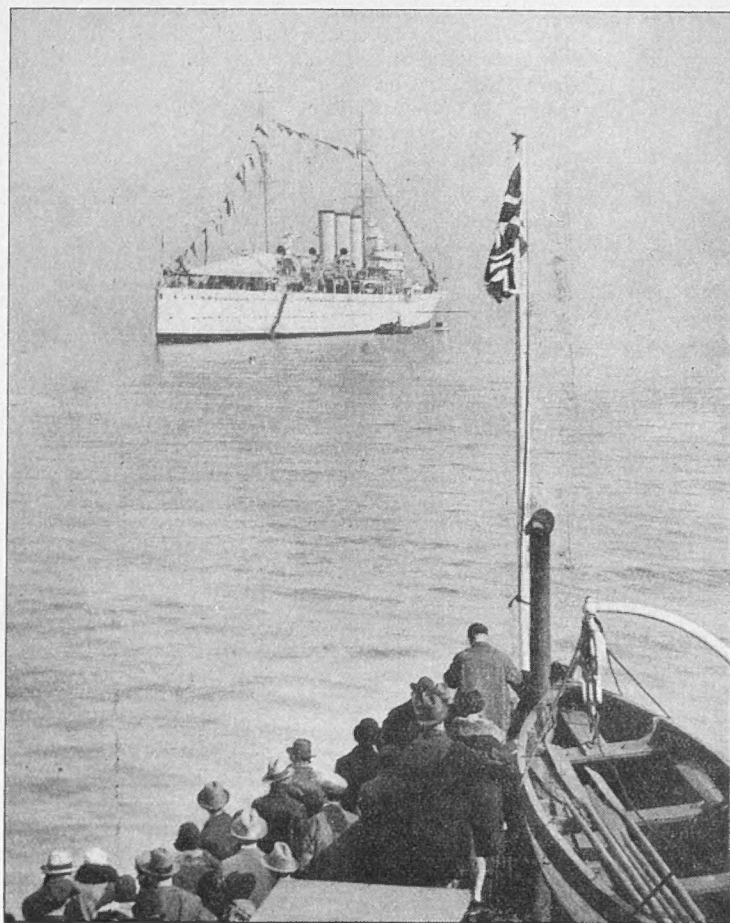
It remained for the American Courts to extend the principle of continuity from the ship to the cargo and to evolve the doctrine of "continuous transports." Large consignments of material sorely needed by the Confederate States were consigned to insignificant Mexican ports and to the island of Nassau.

BRITISH VESSELS SEIZED.

Before they had reached their neutral destination the British vessels in which they were being carried were seized and brought in for adjudication before the American Courts. The fate of the goods was held by the Supreme Court of the United States to depend upon their ultimate destination. The British Government accepted these decisions as proper, and refused to intervene on behalf of the owners of the condemned goods. The French courts in the Crimean War, the Italian courts in the Abyssinian War, and the British courts in the Boer War acted upon the same principle.

CONTINUOUS TRANSPORTS.

THE peculiar geographic position of the Central Powers and their dependence upon outside sources for certain raw materials, such as fats, oils, cotton, and rubber and minerals, forced upon the Allied Powers an increasing realisation of the importance of buttressing their blockade by a vigorous application of the accepted doctrine of continuous transports. The alternative presented to those responsible for the conduct of Allied activities was to contemplate Germany purchasing her essential supplies from neutrals who had obtained the identical supplies over sea routes which Britain had succeeded in bringing under her command at immense cost and sacrifice. As matter of policy, no less than as matter of legal right, the doctrine was applied.



Rights which would be sacrificed if the Freedom of the Seas were conceded are rights only exercisable by a Power which commands the sea.

To meet changing conditions and the ceaseless ingenuity of neutral traders, the implications of the doctrine were evolved by Orders in Council and by a series of decisions in the British Prize Court brilliantly presided over during the greater portion of its active days by Sir Samuel Evans.

America protested strenuously, and was supported in her protest by other neutral Powers, whose prospect of abnormal war profits were threatened with sterility. She would have the Allied fleets stand by, their whole might exercised only in expectation of a sortie by the German Fleet or the ghostly passage of a member of a mercantile marine which had long been swept from the seas, their guns trained on the stars, while sup-

plies for Germany sailed beneath in neutral vessels, with profit but without risk. In the acrimonious exchange of diplomatic notes which followed, Great Britain pointed in vain to the abundance of American and international precedents. American protests continued in a crescendo of severity, which died away to an echoless silence when she herself joined the Allies.

AMERICA'S CO-OPERATION.

UPON her entry into the Great War, America pursued with vigour the policy adopted by Great Britain. She may be said to have improved its efficacy. But unlike Great Britain, she did not establish Prize Courts to adjudicate upon enemy naval property; all German ships in American ports were sequestered by legislative decree. It was not until America's energetic participation in the measures pursued against pseudo-neutral traffic that the Allied Powers came within measurable reach of preventing the flow of essential materials into Germany.

These measures of active co-operation by the United States as an honourable Ally in war deserved and earned the gratitude of fellow combatants.

Sufficient has been said to demonstrate the scope and legality of the measures which a belligerent may employ in the time of war against private property at sea, both enemy and neutral.

THE CRUISER BILL.

THE United States contain many ardent supporters of the Kellogg Pact, those whose hope is peace. It also contains those who in the frailty of human nature sadly anticipate wars—in which the United States will not take part. In that event they are not prepared to endure interference from one belligerent with their trade with the other. The American Cruiser Bill sailed triumphantly through the Senate with Freedom of the Seas nailed to its mast.

The consequences must be fully and fearlessly faced.

The rights which would be sacrificed if the Freedom of the Seas were conceded are rights only exercisable by a Power which commands the sea. This

command in past centuries has easily been conceded to Great Britain. But in the recent war let it be remembered that an enemy peculiarly vulnerable to complete blockade, encircled by the combined navies of Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and later the United States, came dangerously near to cutting the vital arteries of Britain's sea-borne traffic.

The world should be aware that Freedom of the Seas can only be conceded by common agreement. Britain may consider, without too swiftly deciding, whether the time has come to make the concession, to offer the tradition of centuries on the altar of international concord.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

IN a general way I should say that Mr. Lloyd George is the least revengeful of men. But he cannot abide Lord Melchett. With nearly every other ex-colleague from whom he has parted he maintains the friendliest personal relations and talks of them without the least rancour. He has thoroughly schooled himself to what I should think must be the hardest of political duties—the duty of working cordially with men you cordially dislike. He has had his full share of the ups and downs of politics and has had every variety of character and temperament among his colleagues. But none of them seems to have ruffled him like Lord Melchett.

The measured merciless analysis of the real position of the Liberals with which Lord Melchett entertained his Liverpool audience the other evening was followed by an immediate and most personal attack from Mr. Lloyd George that bespoke an intense

that mark the Mond family—their instinct, I mean, for art, business and science. In addition he fought well in the war, was wounded when he was 18, is the joint master of one of the Home Counties hunts, and plays polo with rare dash. A young man who has started well and will go far.

A Day of Thanksgiving.

THE very confident bulletin which was issued on Saturday evening makes the King's ultimate recovery assured. I hear that discussions have already taken place as to how the nation can best show its gratitude for so great a deliverance. One suggestion was that St. George's Day should this year be appointed a public holiday and a day of national thanksgiving, with Parliament and the heads of the Services and the dignitaries of State assembling in St. Paul's or the Abbey, and with every place of worship throughout the kingdom holding special services.

I like the idea, because there is something spontaneous, popular and not too ceremonial about it. But I understand that the Government favour a later and more elaborate rejoicing at which the King himself could be present. Some time, therefore, in the early autumn, when his Majesty is fully restored to health, there will be a great State procession to St. Paul's such as celebrated the equally miraculous recovery of the King's father from typhoid forty or fifty years ago.

The Strain in Spain.

A FRIEND who has just returned from Spain, where he heard King Alfonso hissed in the streets of Madrid, tells me that the

atmosphere of unsettlement and strain is still very evident. But he is also emphatic on the folly of regarding disturbances in Spain from the same angle one would bring to bear on the affairs of any other European country.



The Diplomats' Country Club, Swakeleys, a stately manor house built in the reign of Charles I, is to be used as a home of rest for tired diplomats. Only members of the Foreign Office Staff and the Diplomatic Service will be eligible for its amenities.

Spain, he insists, has never been modernised. There have been three very great events in European history which have transformed other nations but left Spain and its people almost untouched. She repelled the Reformation; the French Revolution, although so much of the fighting took place on the soil of the Peninsula, never resulted in any social upheaval in Spain; and during the Great War she was neutral, with a neutrality surpassing that of President Wilson's earlier dreams, and came out of the struggle just as she was when it began. One has to tread cautiously in forming an opinion about anything that happens in such a country.

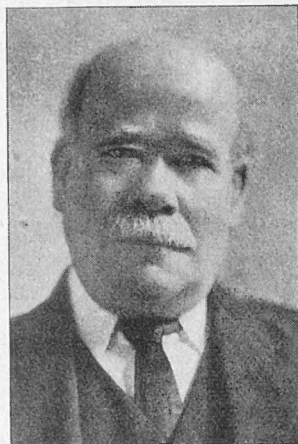
The Shadow of the Election.

SEVEN by-elections are somewhat of a distraction just when the flat racing season is opening and the main serious interest of our people is resuming its place in the national life. But apart altogether from the competition of sport I cannot bring myself to attach much importance to by-elections that are held within ten weeks of the General Election. The feeling that all this has to be gone through again a couple of months hence takes most of the value out of them as barometers.

We are a politically minded people, always have been and always shall be; but we should have to be veritable gluttons for voting not to feel that this is overdoing it. As for the quotations of Parties that amuse the Stock Exchange, I doubt whether they are a much truer index to the feeling of the country than the gossip of the West End clubs. London is usually wrong in its guesses as to what the nation is thinking and how it intends to act. If I wanted to get a fairly trustworthy sidelight on average opinions and sentiment I think I should travel in a third class carriage between Manchester and Hull and listen to what my fellow-passengers were saying.



Mr. Frank B. Varley, Labour M.P. for the Mansfield Division of Nottingham, who died last week. He worked as an errand boy and a pit boy. He was recognised as one of the ablest of the miners' leaders.



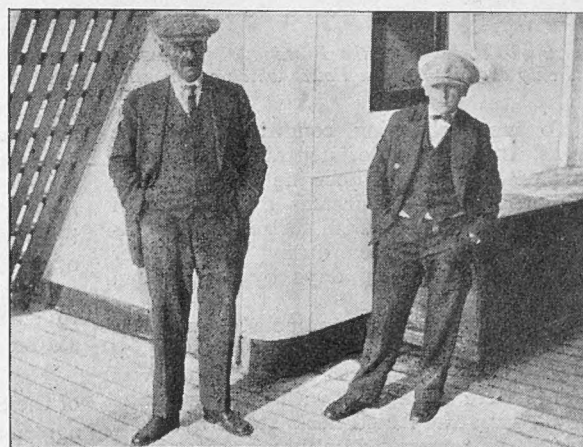
Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., who died last week. He was Secretary of State for War in the Labour Ministry of 1924, and had represented the Ince Division of Lancashire since 1906.

bitterness. The ex-Premier does sometimes hit other people below the belt, but he never hits Lord Melchett anywhere else.

A Coming Man.

BY the way, his only son, the Hon. Henry Mond, on whose behalf Lord Melchett was speaking, promises to be as big a man in industry and finance as his father. Still only 31, he was the baby of the House during the 1923-29 Parliament, and is to-day, I believe, the youngest bank director in the kingdom. He holds directorships in most of his father's companies, and he is in charge of the Central Labour Department in the big chemical combine—a department that is doing some of the best work done anywhere in the world to-day in the way of industrial co-operation and real and constant understanding between managers and staff.

He has a brain as quick and comprehensive and as exact as anyone I know, and he has inherited his full share of the special aptitudes



Our democratic Peers. The rancher Earl of Egmont and his son on their arrival at Liverpool. The new Earl, who has been a rancher in Canada for 30 years, is a remote cousin of the late Earl of Egmont.

I HAVE rarely found my legal friends so exercised, so agitated even, as they are at this moment, and I regret to add that the cause of their perturbation is the Lord Chief Justice. The emphasis with which the Court of Appeal ordered last week a new trial of the Hobbs case, and the severity of their comments on "the Chief's" handling of the action, constituted something of a record in the annals of the British Judiciary.

People are not used to seeing a decision by the Lord Chief Justice reversed so unanimously, or with quite such a bang; and the spectacle has shocked them. Moreover, it is not the only incident of the kind that has given rise to some anxiety lest Lord Hewart's reign should prove less distinguished than it might be. He once severely reprimanded a counsel whose conduct the Law Council, on being appealed to, found to be perfectly proper; and his outburst against their lordships of the Court of Appeal a year or so ago was the "sensation" of the moment.

A Man of Likes and Dislikes.

ALL this is distressing to his friends and to the profession. Lord Hewart is a man of such surpassing powers, and such delightful personality, that one is sorry to see him fall, even for a moment, below his best. Perhaps he is attempting too much. He very obviously enjoys the dignities of his splendid post. But the austere exercise of its judicial functions must be a constant strain on one who has been a bonny fighter most of his life, a quick partisan, and a man of hearty likes and dislikes.

He loves the social and ceremonial occasions in which he always shines triumphantly, and with his wealth of interests, and the eager and universal demands for his witty presence, he can hardly have a moment of a fifteen or sixteen-hour day unoccupied. Even with his remarkable power of sustained and easy work, that is a heavy load to shoulder, especially when one remembers the unique genius of our courts for combining draughts with stuffiness.

The Policeman Out of Date!

THE uplifted hand of the British policeman" has been the theme of I know not how many panegyrics from a long succession of American Ambassadors. But as an instrument for regulating traffic it has become out of date. Thirty odd years ago London could pride itself on being the capital where the movement of people and goods was most expeditious and most efficiently controlled. New York at that time stood at the bottom of the list of all great cities so far as these functions were concerned.

To-day I agree with Major Segrave that New York is far ahead of us, Berlin considerably ahead of us, and Paris, even

Paris, ahead of us in some respects. Control towers, the restriction of pedestrians to certain fixed crossings, and the prohibition of horse-drawn vehicles in certain streets, and at certain hours, are improvements, I take it, that are bound to come. But I

wonder whether two devices that have been tried abroad are applicable here. In Buenos Ayres the taxicabs are never allowed to stop except when picking up or setting down, and in some American cities the motor-horn has been abolished, with the result of adding greatly to the carefulness of drivers and diminishing accidents.

Budget Secrets.

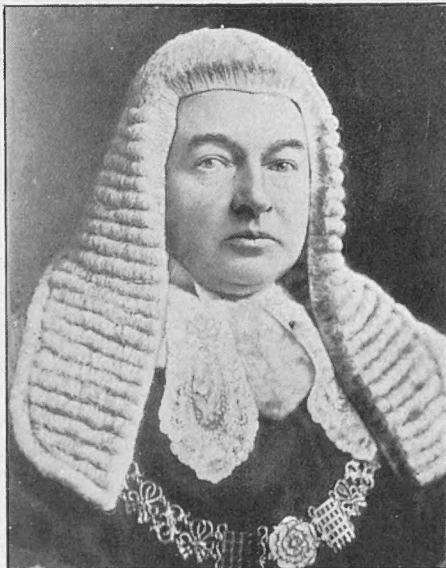
LAST year a Budget secret leaked out—I mean, the reduction in the sugar duties. It was published, if I remember right, in the *Daily Telegraph*, a fortnight or so before Mr. Churchill rose to unfold his plans. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was so annoyed by the disclosure that at the last moment he almost decided to recast his entire programme.

This year no definite forecasts have been made, but I notice some intelligent anticipations in the tea market. Considering the inquiries that have to be made, the new forms prepared, and the number of officials at the ports instructed, before a fresh tax is put on or an old one altered, it is astonish-

ing that any Chancellor should be able to keep his schemes to himself. Yet the distrust of all Budget forecasts among City men is so great that even the biggest plungers in the market hesitate to back one, however well buttressed.

Sir Hugo Hirst's Mistake.

I AM sincerely sorry for Sir Hugo Hirst in the trouble he has brought upon himself by restricting the new issue of General Electric shares to British subjects only. I suppose the moral of it is that if you are at the head of a great British industrial concern you should not spend six months



Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, whose decision in the Hobbs case was so emphatically reversed by the Court of Appeal.



General Dawes, who was Vice-President under President Coolidge, is reported to be the next United States Ambassador to London.

in Australia, and that if, on your return, you find an unexpected situation, you should not deal with it in a hurry or by means of the short cut.

Sir Hugo is one of the ablest of the many able men in industry and finance who, born in Germany, have made Britain their home and the scene of their life-work, to our own very great advantage. The General Electric Co., which he has built up by forty years of unremitting and most capable labours, is something more than a big concern; it is almost in itself, so far as Great Britain is concerned, a new industry.

A man of compelling intelligence and force of character, and with the strictest code of commercial honour, Sir Hugo apparently for one moment looked at matters too much from the standpoint of the business manager and too little from that of the financier.

The Boat Race.

NO signs are as yet apparent that the University boat race is losing its grip on the public. No matter how vile the weather, how bitter the wind or how drenching the rain to-morrow, the towing path between Putney and Mortlake will be packed with thousands of spectators, not one per cent. of whom has the remotest interest in Oxford, Cambridge or any other University.

Since the crews arrived on the tideway crowds of spectators—including the inevitable "flapper" in search of autographs—have flocked to Putney to see rivals afloat. The Prime Minister, more fortunate than the rest, has found a place on the coach's launch, and, though his sympathies are with Cambridge, has followed both crews with an admirable impartiality.



Princess Martha of Sweden and Prince Olaf of Norway, who were married yesterday at Oslo. The Duke of York was best man.

A Man's Outlook

A Weekly Contribution of Random Thoughts on Current Affairs.

By Crawford Price

THE forthcoming General Election campaign should, in many respects, be the most interesting and spectacular that this generation has experienced. Artists, copy-writers and advertising experts are being pressed into service on all sides, and I hear of one favoured scribe who is having the fun of his life executing commissions for three opposing factions. There should be much wit and humour on the hoardings and in the display columns of the Press to brighten the dull monotony of the candidates' speeches.

None can deny that all this publicity is as necessary as it threatens to be amusing. The apathy of the old electorate is proverbial and, in addition, we have this year to deal with a vast influx of new voters, most of whom know little, and care less, about the questions at stake.

Which brings me, in all seriousness, to ask what the Conservatives are doing to educate the public in the ethics of Safeguarding? Directly and indirectly, this is likely to be the outstanding issue of the conflict, and there is none more liable to misrepresentation and more susceptible to the trail of the political red herring. Whereas the sales manager of a new chewing-gum would run his educational campaign for months ahead, the Conservative party managers, apparently, hope to win the electorate over to Safeguarding in a few weeks. The task is colossal, and it should have been taken in hand two years ago.

MR. CHURCHILL'S "Aftermath" and the promise of Mr. Lloyd George's long delayed *Memoirs*, transport one right back to the halcyon days of the Peace Conference. And what wonderful days they were, with the self-anointed apostles of peace uniting to proclaim in public a new heaven and a new earth, while in private they hotly disputed problems wholly beyond their individual and collective understanding.

When History writes the true story of the negotiations—and only History will accomplish this—it will probably stress both the strength and the weakness of the British Premier. I think now, as I thought then, that he was the one great figure at the Conference. That he understood no more of the intricacies of the various issues than Clemenceau and Wilson, may be conceded; but he was quick to learn, seized instinctively on the essential details, and was gifted with an uncanny

intuition that saved him from many a pitfall.

Lloyd George had vision. He spotted latent dangers that for other men were hidden amidst the enthusiasm of victory and the craze for self-determination. Had he alone been the arbiter, I am persuaded that there would have been fewer mistakes and that we would have concluded a better and more durable peace. But he was destined by fate to play a rôle for which, withal, he was eminently suited—the mediator between the sentimental idealism of Wilson and the political ambitions of Clemenceau. Day after day he held the Conference together, often by the surrender of his personal opinions, and in the end we obtained at best a compromise fraught with grave menace to the future peace of Europe.

SOMETIMES, as I have indicated, the British Premier had to give way, for obduracy on his part would have precipitated

exigencies of the European political situation. Personally, I believe he was merely playing to the gallery—and the Press.

ALTHOUGH the protest against the latest increase in petrol prices seems likely to end in vapour, it is interesting to note that the motoring community can sometimes be goaded into activity. On this occasion one does not quite know whether to congratulate the motorists on having moved, or those strange bed-fellows, the Petrol Combine and the Soviet government, on having moved them. Both are great achievements. In any case, it is alleged that because of the 2½d. extra per gallon, multitudes of cars will be jacked up all the summer, the bottom will fall completely out of the second-hand market, and our manufacturing industry will go to the dogs.

Nobody—least of all the Chancellor of the Exchequer—takes all this blether seriously.

The average motorist will not stop motoring because it costs him one penny more to do fifteen miles or so. What we may hope for, however, is that the motoring community has now sensed its power and its responsibilities, and that it will decline in future to be bled by any millionaire combine or government department that happens to want more money. Sheer apathy has hitherto encouraged these leeches to suck the car-owner's blood.

TAKE, for example, the manner in which we suffered the 4d. impost last year. So long as motorists desired the substitution of a petrol tax for the ridiculous h.p. tax, the Treasury found it utterly impossible to conceive a practical method of collecting a duty on spirit.

But when the Treasury itself wanted more money, our bureaucrats waved a fairy wand and the process of extortion became simpli-

city itself. Thus we got both to pay. True, there were murmurs of discontent, but when Mr. Churchill appealed to patriotism and besought this further sacrifice for the country's weal, the noble motorist—saviour of Old England—fell for the Blarney.

There is no necessity for these lame surrenders. Somebody said the other day—and there is much truth in it—that the Tories were no good unless they were thoroughly frightened. There is the cue for the motoring community. If, instead of arguing with Winston (which accomplishes nothing), the motorists in their thousands will dress up as bookmakers and get after the candidates for the forthcoming election, we shall hear of something to our advantage in the next Budget.



Mr. Lloyd George (with Mr. R. J. Russell, Liberal candidate for the Eddisbury Division of Cheshire) promising agricultural labourers a new earth!

an open breach between the Allies. There were other occasions, however, when he might with advantage have put his foot down. Occasions, again, when the politician in him got the better of the statesman—as, for example, when he yielded to the popular clamour to hang the Kaiser and make Germany pay the whole cost of the War.

WITH all respect to Mr. Churchill, I take leave to doubt whether Mr. Lloyd George ever expected to see the Hohenzollern dangling at the end of a rope. I once put the question to him across the dinner table at Paris. He answered very definitely and defiantly in the affirmative; but the look in his eye gave me the impression that he was thinking more about Lord Northcliffe and the then imminent general election than the

The Woman's View

A Modern Woman's Commentary on the Topics of the Day

By Rosita Forbes

FOR some time "Colonel" Barker and D.O.R.A. have been sharing whatever limelight can be spared from Geneva. I'm told that the only person who spotted the sex of the former while, as "Captain" Smith, she hunted with Yorke-Scarlett's hounds was a trainer's lad, who, seeing her cantering across a field, remarked to a friend of mine: "Garn, that's a woman!" and was told not to be a fool.

Since the days of Pope Joan the most remarkable feminine masquerade was that of the woman who served for 14 years with the Foreign Legion and kept her secret till she was dying of wounds received in action. But several women have served with the colours. Christian Davis, the mother of three children, fought as a dragoon under Marlborough in order to be near her husband, who had been kidnapped by a recruiting sergeant.

Mary Anne Talbot was a powder monkey on board the *Brunswick*, where she was wounded in the ankle, and Hannah Smith enlisted in the Marines, serving in the West Indies, where she was flogged for insubordination without her imposture being detected.

THE recent lightning raid on a Belgravia post office is a sign of our Americanisation. While I was having tea in the hall of Chicago's most plutocratic hotel, half a dozen gangsters rushed through the swing doors. Three held up the fashionable crowd with revolvers while the others made for the office and the safe.

The whole thing was over in five minutes, during which most people had gone on with their tea, and I was left with the Alice-in-the-looking-glass feeling that it had created much less stir than if a motor driver had mistaken a one-way street.

At the height of our so-called modern civilisation Chicago accuses her police of the deliberate murder of a bootlegging gang and New York is indulging in a murder boom, with 399 deaths by violence as against 372 of the preceding year.

While the League of Nations discusses Anglo-American relations, our criminal classes are taking a few tips from the other side of the Atlantic. D.O.R.A., hampered by her war-time skirts, is fully occupied with raiding robots, if such automatic machines happen to be charged after 8 p.m., but wouldn't it be better if the old lady adopted the breeks? Otherwise we may live to see machine guns in the streets of London.

IN the Hudson tunnel, a policeman—probably Irish—posted every 50 yards

orders the motorist in stentorian tones to "Speed up, please!" Consequently, the continuous stream of traffic flows through at an average of 40 miles an hour. In fact, America has realised that the motorist has as much right to the road as the pedestrian to the footpath. Recent taxation would suggest that England still regards the car-owner as a profiteer, ripe for plucking, but every year increases the output of cheap cars.

Motoring is no longer a hobby of the idle rich. It is the normal means by which the worker reaches his place of business and the salesman increases his markets. Instead of trying to limit the number of licences issued, as the Minister of Transport suggested in the London area, we must visualise a



Mr. Lloyd George explains to the women of Tarporley the Liberal Party's Land Policy and the meaning of "ninepence for fourpence."

moment, not far distant, when every working man will own a car. Our largest roads are not nearly large enough for the traffic of the future when, as in America, the car and the washerwoman will go to their work in the latest brand of two-seater.

IN Holland, typically a working man's country, the roads are as thick with bicycles as the Kalahari desert with flat squashy blue beetles, but cyclists are taxed 5s. a year, towards the upkeep of the roads they share with motorists.

The visit of Queen Emma reminds me of the remark made by a somewhat half-hearted Communist in the streets of The Hague.

"What's the use of Socialism," he exclaimed, "to people who can look across the road any day and watch their Queen sewing in her window?"

Certainly, the Dutch Court leads the simplest of lives. I was staying with one of Queen Wilhelmina's maids of honour when a state visit was expected from the rulers

of Norway, and I learned that Her Dutch Majesty was seriously troubled at the idea that not only would she have to sit up late, but she would have to choose some new frocks. Usually, the Queen considers that two new evening dresses a year are sufficient.

SIR AUSTEN is intent on convincing America of the cardinal importance of her relations with Great Britain, but Washington was wedded to the Monroe doctrine long before the flirtation which ended in the Kellogg Pact. To the credit of America, she is perfectly honest about the situation. One of her authorities recently remarked, "You make a difference between Americans and other foreigners, but we make none between England and the rest of Europe. There is no particular anti-English feeling, only a very definite anti-European one."

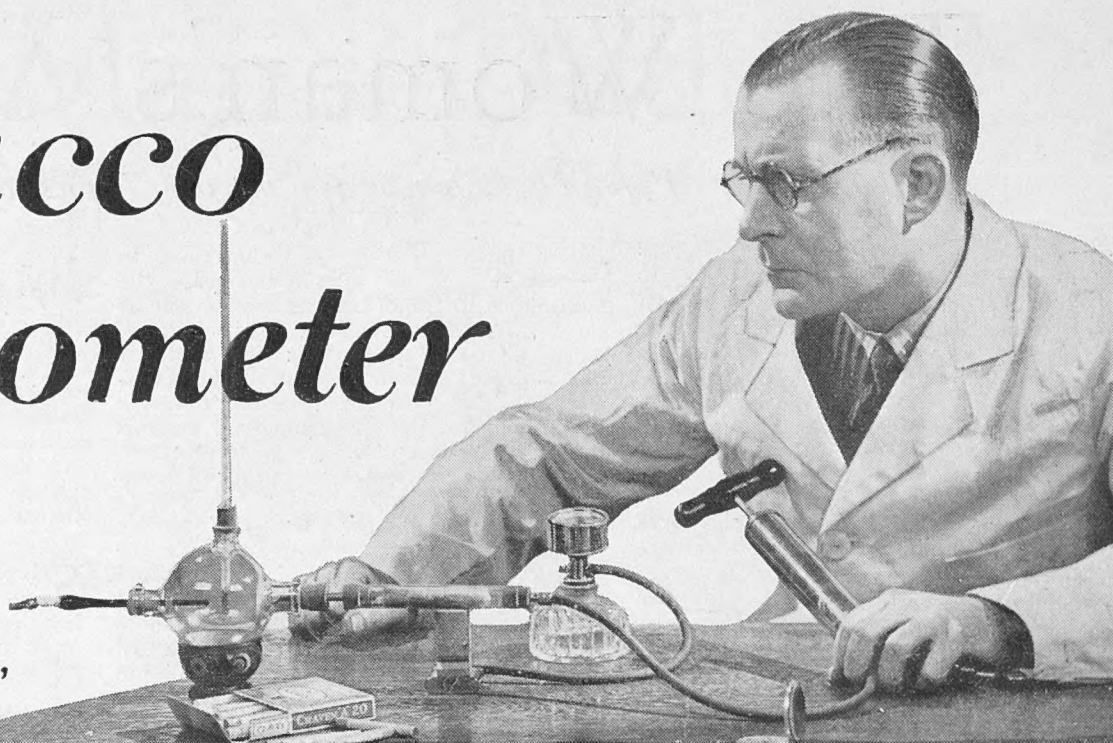
If only the statesmen who discarded the Japanese alliance, which was our greatest asset in the East, in order to merit peculiar favours from Washington, would realise that human nature is older than politics, they would agree with the greatest of all living Americans, an ex-President, who said to me, "I reckon we're jealous of you for what you are, and you're jealous of us for what we've got." Anglo-American relations are certainly of cardinal importance, but so also are our relations with every one of our ex-allies and most of our ex-enemies.

ACCORDING to Colonel Moore-Brabazon, it would appear that governmental snores are loud enough to wake up the whole country. Referring to aviation, a supporter stated that Germany has 250 commercial machines to our 21. But it must be remembered that the distances in Central Europe are much greater and the railways much less adequate. For instance, flying from Ravel in Esthonia to Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, I did the journey in half an hour as against the half day taken by the boat. Between Cracow and Warsaw is approximately two hours by air and a night by train, but the only time I flew from London to Manchester I gained (door to door) just twenty minutes on the express.

Personally, having first flown in 1912, and having done so continually ever since, whenever time could be saved, I doubt if commercial flying will be very successful in England.

Tobacco Eudiometer

INVENTED BY
Dr. STANLEY SMITH,
O.B.E., Ph.D., Etc.



Report from LEWIS JAMESON & CO., LTD., Consulting Analytical Chemists, 83, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., London, E.C.

The average man who is enjoying his chosen brand of cigarette probably seldom pauses to consider the basis upon which his preference is founded. And yet every point in a cigarette, both good and bad, can be studied and assessed by the scientist, with the result that it is possible to give a definite reason why one brand differs from another in all the essential characteristics which distinguish the best from the medium and the lower qualities.

If this were not the case, the claims for excellence would be based solely upon personal idiosyncrasy. This "personal equation" can, however, be solved by scientific deduction based upon ascertained fact; and the appreciation of the best, which all true lovers of the cigarette evince, becomes fully justified on the results of an actual chemical and physical examination of the chosen brand.

There is one outstanding quality demanded of a first-class cigarette:—It should "smoke cool."

The apparatus used, in testing this point, is Dr. Stanley Smith's Tobacco Eudiometer. It is designed to reproduce the actual conditions under which a cigarette is always smoked, and by its use it is possible to obtain valuable comparative data with regard to the coolness of the smoke.

IT HAS BEEN DEFINITELY ASCERTAINED through the medium of this apparatus that the smoke resulting from ignition of a Craven "A" cigarette is (taken on the average of a dozen tests upon as many different brands of cigarettes) 11·8% cooler than that of any other brand. In two cases Craven "A" proved to be 13% and 12·3% cooler respectively and in two others 1·6% and 1·4% cooler. The average, as stated, stands in favour of Craven "A" by no less than 11·8%.

Lewis Jameson & Co Ltd
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CRAVEN "A"

The CORK TIPPED CIGARETTE that is
MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

"11·8% Cooler than any other Brand"

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★ Every modern scientific invention known to this generation (Air Conditioning Plant, Dust Extractors, etc.) has been installed in Carreras' New Wonder Factory to ensure that the 100% Virginia Tobacco used in Craven "A" comes to you Pure, Fresh, Perfect to the Palate, and, above all, Unvarying.

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MOON-RAKING

THERE is an old story in Ireland of two simpletons who were very much attracted by the reflection of the moon in the Liffey. Having decided that it really was a green cheese, they proposed to reach it in the following way. Pat was to hang on to the outside of the parapet, and Mick was to lower himself down until by holding on to Pat's ankles, he could catch the moon with his feet. They had got themselves fairly into this critical position, and Mick was just about to capture the prize, when Pat shouted: "Hold hard a bit, Mick, I'm going to shpint on me hands."

The cold disillusioning plunge which ended that adventure is likely to be the fate of this country if it lays hold upon the ankles of Mr. Lloyd George in his great scheme to "conquer unemployment," by rebuilding all the bridges and roads of Great Britain. The whole scheme is as clear as the moon in the Liffey. In the first two years it will cost a trifle of £145 millions, and the money will be raised without any cost to the nation by a mortgage on the future of the Road Fund. There is also the taxation of Land Values, made the basis of a famous pre-war Budget. The machinery then created for assessment was found to be so expensive and unremunerative that it was scrapped during the war by Mr. Lloyd George's own Government. It is now to be got going again as a sort of auxiliary engine to the Road Fund, and thus this gorgeous scheme is to be financed.

A Catch Somewhere.

IF people ask what is going to happen when the money is spent, and the unemployed are again on our hands, the reply is simple. Here it is:

The period over which we should have to be prepared with works of national development in order to maintain and improve upon this position has been envisaged as one of five years, with the major effort concentrated in the first two years. Before that time the stimulus given to industry would have resulted in a great development along normal lines. The need for State intervention would have diminished greatly, and the work of national development could gradually be reduced as normal employment increased. (*We can Conquer Unemployment*, pp. 9 and 10.)

So there we have it: the improvement of the roads and bridges would give such a wonderful impetus to trade that at the end of two years—let alone five—there would be no unemployment and no unemployed. It has not occurred to Mr. Lloyd George that the principal industries of this country are near seaports, and their principal markets abroad, so that the improvement of roads and bridges would make no such great difference as he supposes, and it would probably be counterbalanced by an actual loss to the railways.

Theory and Practice.

IT is characteristic of the degradation of our politics in recent years that so grotesque a scheme should ever be launched by a party

of the State. Electioneering devices such as this are gradually bringing the whole system of democracy into disrepute. People are, besides, beginning to ask themselves whether there is any longer any resemblance between the theory and practice of popular government.

Consider the theory: a borough or a county elects one of its people, who knows its needs, its problems and its interests to represent it in Parliament. Now consider the practice, according to the latest model. A politician with the aid of a large sum of money, obtained no one knows exactly how, finances and controls candidates in every part of the country, and tells them publicly that they are all to concert to promise £145 millions in two years for the unemployed if they are returned to Parliament. This, no doubt, is what Dryden meant when he spoke of a nation being "drawn to the dregs of a democracy."

The Balfour Committee.

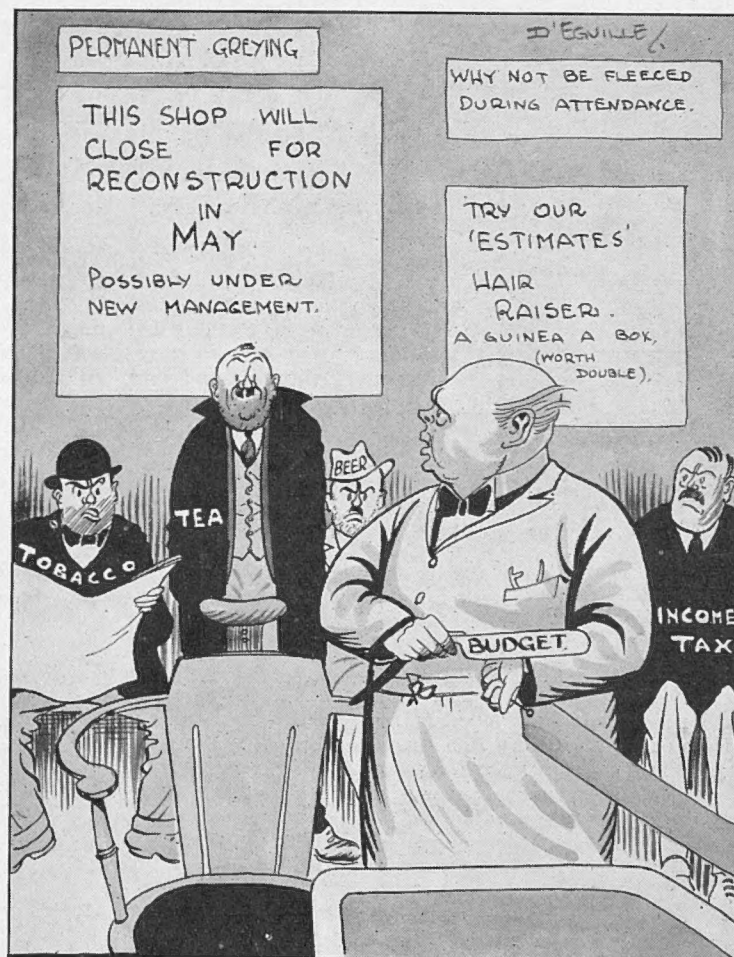
THE Final Report on Industry and Trade of what is known as the Balfour Committee is a piece of work very different from Mr. Lloyd George's vote-catching pamphlet, yet it also suggests another weakness of our modern system of government—what might be called an infirmity of will. The Committee is clearly impressed by the need for a change in the national economic policy, and it also sees the importance of making an end of the present doubt and uncertainty so injurious to trade. It follows in the wake of other authorities which made similar proposals. When the war disclosed our dangerous weakness in iron and steel, base metals, and other industries, Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Committee inquired and reported in a similar sense. Then there were the famous Economic Resolutions of the Paris Conference, which were adopted by the Government of the day, and, lastly, there is this report. But although some patchwork has been undertaken, the whole question is so much the sport of party controversy that it remains in a state of indefinite suspense. And the Balfour Committee admits that the issue cannot be settled on its merits. Thus it says (on page 265):

Unfortunately, for historical reasons, British tariff policy has for many years been the subject of political and party controversy, so that, *quite apart from merits*, it is difficult to obtain any assurance that changes introduced by one government may not be repealed by its successor.

Mahomet's Coffin.

IT is true that the Committee is resigned to this position and asserts that other commercial countries are in a similar case. But are they? Is there any other country whose economic policy hangs like Mahomet's coffin between the heaven of Protection and the earth of Free Trade in a state of precarious and indefinite suspense? There was a similar period in Germany; but Bismarck put an end to it by settling the main lines of an economic policy which has been followed ever since. In the United States the fiscal tariff has been raised here and lowered there; but its general scope is stable and apparently permanent. France and Italy have also their standards of protection from which they do not depart. But consider the position here: the Government has tied itself up with various pledges to do and not to do (after the General Election) so that, whatever happens, there can be no settlement until then. In the meantime iron and steel and woollens, the great staple trades of the country, remain in a state of suspense. But if the Socialists were to be returned, Mr. Philip Snowden has pledged them to repeal even the Safeguarding and Preferential duties, and, in the more unlikely event of a Liberal victory, Mr. Lloyd George appears to be committed to Free Trade.

Yet Mr. Lloyd George, as head of the Coalition Government, was responsible for the Safeguarding Duties, although now, like Chronos, he is ready to devour his own children. Thus the dearest interest of the country—its fiscal policy—is the sport of party politics, and is subject to be reversed at every turn of the electoral wheel. As that wheel is spun by uninstructed impulse, those comparative few who are concerned in the business of the country are doomed to live in a state of perpetual doubt. With the best will in the world to be optimistic it is difficult to see how our industries can be expected to flourish under such conditions.



BARBER WINSTON:—"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I'm afraid this razor is only good for about one cut—Mr. Tea—you're next, I think?"

The Boat Race

Centenary

By Clive Holland

A hundred years ago the first Oxford and Cambridge boat race was rowed at Henley, and, within the century, seventy-nine races have been decided. At no time has there been a greater general interest in the race since Cambridge only require to win this year to draw level with their old rivals, a state of affairs which has not existed since 1864. Will they do it?

ALTHOUGH this year witnesses the centenary of the foundation of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, only seventy-nine races have been actually rowed and decided. Of these, Oxford has won forty and Cambridge thirty-nine. It is this fact that has much to do with the added interest with which this year's contest is being regarded in rowing circles. The Light Blues have their opportunity, after a considerable sequence of wins, to draw level.

A VERSATILE "BLUE."

IT is safe to say that no rowing event in the world has the same popularity, or arouses such interest with the general public, as this classic race between the rival "Blues." Indeed, it would not be exaggerating to claim for it the position of the premier sporting contest of the world, with the Derby as a close favourite and runner up.

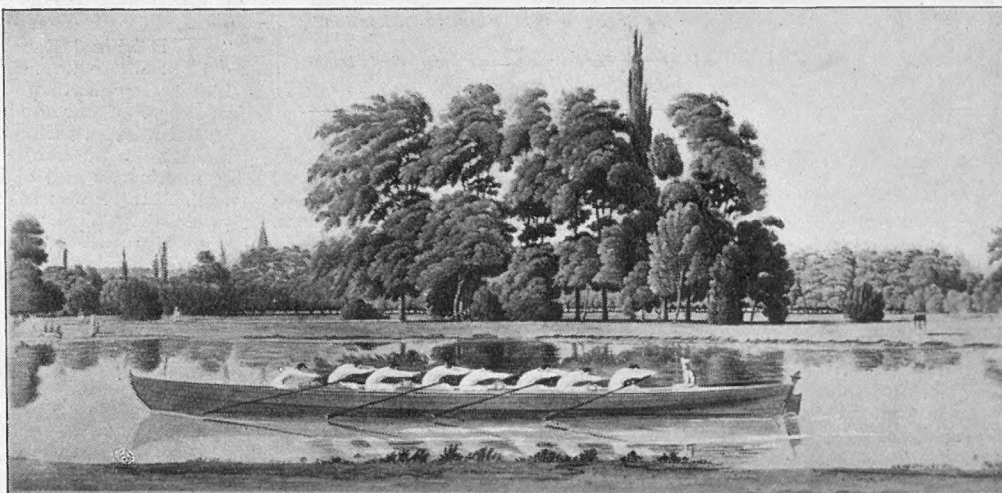
The founder or originator of the event, C. Wordsworth, afterwards to become one of the three Bishops who have borne that honoured name, can have had little idea of the ultimate world-wide fame to which the event would afterwards attain. He was famous as a sportsman himself, for he has the distinction of being one of the only two members of the University to which he belonged who both played in the University cricket match and rowed in the boat race.

The race, originated in June, 1829, was first rowed at Henley (when Oxford won easily) and enjoys a popularity unequalled by any other event of the kind. The interest taken is not confined to University men, past and present, but runs through every grade of society from the highest to the lowest. Indeed, it is safe to say that the boat race crowds are among the most cosmopolitan of any, embracing the peer and the bargee, the Etonian and the "water-rats" of the riverside quarters.

The reasons for this popularity are not far to seek. The race is rowed at a time of year when sporting events are few; it is above suspicion as to "cleanness," which, alas! all sporting events are not; is an event in a sport in which amateurism definitely leads; and provides a struggle noted for its thrills and possibilities of a sensational finish.

ORIGIN OF THE COLOURS.

DARK and light blue were not the original colours. The first race saw Oxford sporting the dark blue and white of Christ Church, and Cambridge wearing the



The first race, when sliding seats, outriggers, and the canvas-covered boat were unknown. A view of the Oxford boat in 1829.

colours of Lady Margaret. In the second race, not rowed until 1836, and from Westminster to Putney, Cambridge found themselves at the last moment without any distinguishing colour, and one of their number obtained some light blue ribbon, which they wore. This started the rivalry of the Dark and Light blues.

The race at first was rowed for some years at irregular intervals and over different courses; Westminster to Putney, then for several years from Mortlake to Putney, and then, down to the present time, from Putney to Mortlake.

Fortune throughout the years has smiled first on one University and then on the other; being, indeed, not less fickle in rowing than in other sports. But in 1864, after twenty contests, the

rival blues drew level for the first time, an event that has not since been duplicated.

The boat race, indeed, has provided a good many thrills, but it has also provided, on occasion, a long string of consecutive wins for each University, for example, the nine victories of Oxford, the last in the series being the race on March 17th, 1869; and the equal number of successive wins from 1890 to 1898 inclusive; with Cambridge's sequences of five successes from 1870 to 1874 inclusive, and 1924 to 1928 inclusive.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE RACE.

SOME landmarks in the race's history may be recalled. It was in 1846 that the race was first rowed in outriggers. And in 1857 the first keelless boat was used, and round oars. Sliding seats were not used until 1874; and in 1877 Oxford bow damaged his oar, the result being a dead heat in the longest time, save one, on record for the Putney to Mortlake course. The race of 1883 was rowed in a fierce snowstorm, and in 1887 an Oxford man again broke his oar.

For some years both Universities enjoyed the distinction of having rowed the race in the record time of 18 mins. 47 secs.—Oxford in 1893 and Cambridge in 1900—which record remained undisturbed until 1911, when Oxford lowered it to 18 mins. 29 secs. In 1898 the race was rowed in a gale, and Cambridge becoming waterlogged, Oxford rowed the course at an easy pace and won by an incalculable number of lengths.

In 1901 Oxford tried a short boat advocated by Dr. Warre, and won by a narrow margin; in 1912 the race was rowed twice, on March 30th and April 1st, owing to both boats sinking on the Saturday. On the first occasion, although Oxford baled their boat, re-embarked, and finished the course, the judge pronounced it no race.

In connection with University rowing it is interesting to note that the Oxford crew of 1885 rowed across the Channel from Dover to Calais, on July 25th, in four and a half hours.

There are two occasions on which the crew



The Oxford President, H. C. Morphett (Geelong and Brasenose).



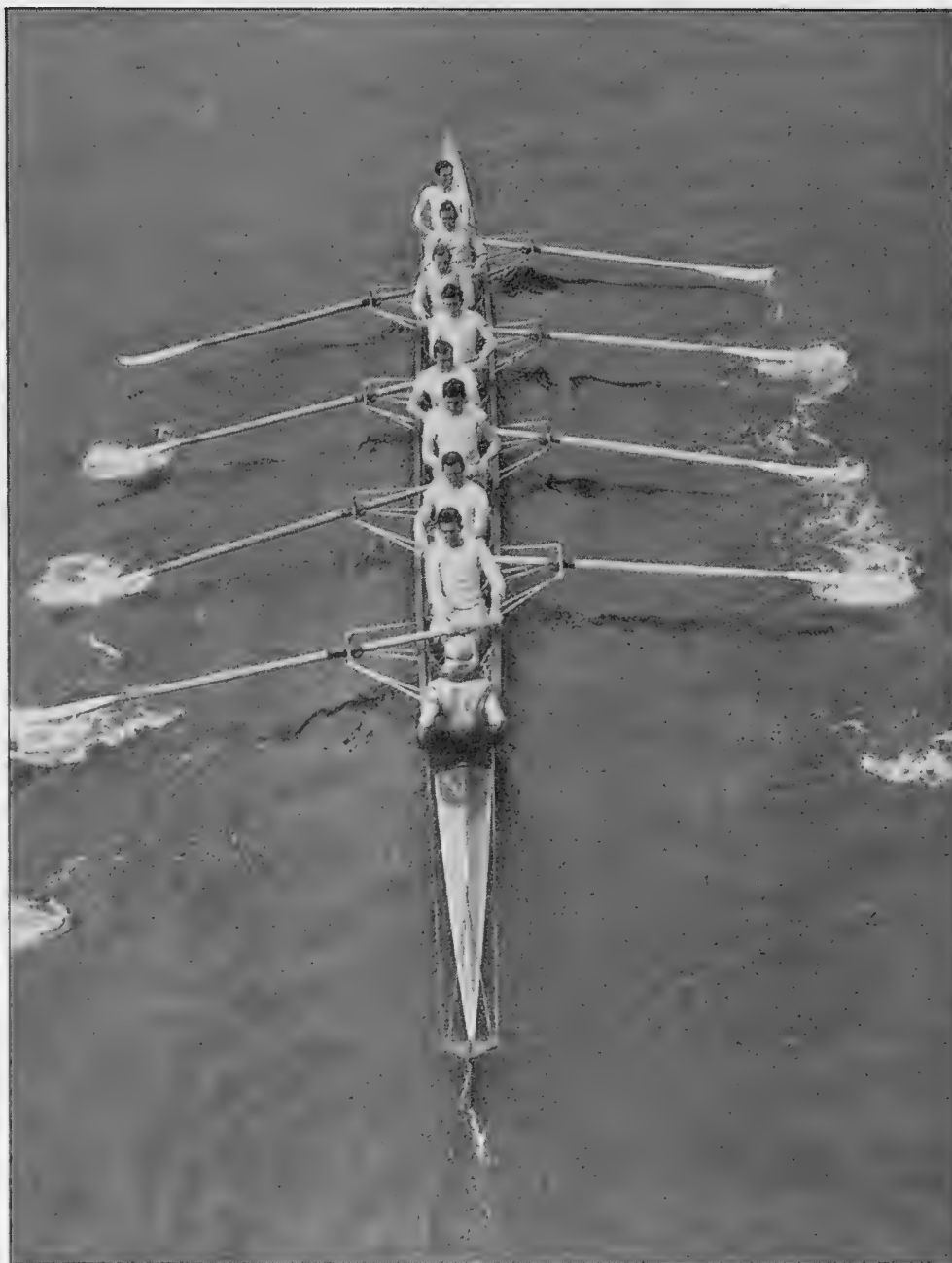
The Cambridge President, R. Beesly (Oundle and First Trinity).

that was behind at Barnes, yet, in the short distance remaining, managed to overtake their opponents and win. Oxford accomplished this feat in 1900, and Cambridge in 1921.

HEREDITARY OARSMEN.

THE University crews have, from time to time, contributed many men to the Church, Law, and other professions, who have become distinguished, and have thus proved that the sometime belief that athletics and scholarship of a high order do not go together is false. Rowing, too, appears strangely to run in families, perhaps more than any other form of athletics or sport, as not only have fathers and sons rowed successively in the Oxford or Cambridge boats, but, more than once, representatives of three generations.

It has often been remarked how strange a circumstance it is that one University gets a long run of luck. This may be accounted for in several ways. One reason is that more men may be up one year, or for several years, from a rowing public school, at one University than at the other; and another reason may be that the fact that Oxford or Cambridge has scored two or three successive wins may cause row-



Cambridge shoot Putney Bridge during practice. The Light Blues are considerably heavier than their opponents, J. B. Collins, at No. 6, weighing 14½ st.

ing to become popular with the undergraduates, and thus more men take to the river, and supply, naturally, a greater choice of material and greater enthusiasm for the sport.

ETON'S SHARE.

ETON is, naturally, with the Thames at its doors, a great rowing Public School, one may say the greatest, and for many years the number of Etonians going up to Oxford was at the least double that going to Cambridge. And they formed a fine backbone for the making of winning crews.

This year Eton supplies six of the sixteen oarsmen, the remaining ten coming from Harrow, Winchester, Radley, Westminster, Marlborough, Oundle, Bedford, Geelong, Tasmania and Denmark. Oxford is responsible for this "League of Nations" aspect of the crews; oddly enough, no Old Salopian appears in either crew this year, for Shrewsbury has come to the fore as a rowing school since the war and is the only school, other than Eton, to have won the Ladies' Plate at Henley. St. Paul's is another notable absentee.

Probably Cambridge will score another win this year, drawing level for the second time in the history of the race.



A study in expressions. Oxford have been pleasing their supporters with some good performances and their course trial in 19 mins. 13 secs. showed that the Dark Blues are by no means a forlorn hope this year.



An early morning camera study of the winding gear at a pit-head.

E. O. Hoppé.

The by-products of coal are of enormous value, but 40,000,000 tons of coal and the by-products are wasted each year in domestic grates.

There Is Money in the Mines

By

W.R. Douglas Shaw

THE passing phase—with all eyes focused temporarily on distressed coalfields—is teaching us much about coal. We are learning that there is still beneath our land 150,000 millions of tons of coal, the mining of which would occupy 500 years at the present rate of production. Dawning on us, too, is a fact long since understood by conscientious economists—namely, that a depression in the British coal trade is an effect and not a cause of depression in other British industries. In other words, to approach nearer to the causes of the distress in the coalfields, our eyes must be turned from the coalfields to the principal coal-using industries—iron and steel, shipbuilding, engineering and gas, electricity, and chemical production.

But for the technical progress made since the war in the more rational production of gas, electricity, and chemicals, our coal industry must now inevitably have reached an even worse plight than it has. Had the other coal-using industries which, during the war, were more directly concerned with armament production, and enjoyed good profits, made as great progress, our position would be now much nearer normal than it is.

Scientific minds have been telling us and are still telling us that our domestic grates are wasting coal at the rate of 40,000,000 tons per annum—wasting it because the ash, smoke, and a large proportion of heat which goes up the old-fashioned chimney represent the destruction of by-products that could be turned to useful account. They offer us in place of raw coal alternative fuels (far superior to the coke some of us knew in our childhood) and also a choice of gas or electric fires. It is our duty to respond to these economic developments by making use of them.

THREE USES FOR COAL.

BROADLY speaking, the methods of coal utilisation may be classified under three main heads. They are (a) Direct combustion, including, in addition to such applications as the wasteful domestic fire, the conversion of the heat to electrical energy by burning the coal under boilers which provide steam for driving generators in electric power stations; (b) Carbonisation, or distillation: the process of “roasting” coal in air-proof vessels, or retorts, for the produc-

tion of coal gas and other products; (c) Pulverisation: a modern development and special form of direct combustion in which the coal is burned in the form of a fine powder or dust.

The foregoing methods are all now in a commercial state. There are in addition other processes, such as the liquefaction of coal, in various stages of research progress.

The difference between the old-fashioned coal carbonisation and the modern coal distillation is literally one of degree. Whereas in the old days, with the primary object of producing as much gas as possible from a given amount of coal, it was found expedient to “roast” coal at temperatures as high as 1,400 degs. Centigrade, and tip the coal tar into the sea, to-day, with the primary aim of producing not only gas but also not fewer than 200 other products, it is more economical to “roast” the coal at about half that temperature.

The by-products thus obtainable by distillation of the richer low-temperature tar include such valuable materials as benzene, toluene, xylene, solvent naphtha, pyridine bases, carbolic acid, creosols, burning naphtha, naphthalene, heavy creosote oils, anthracene oils, carbolineum, and soft pitch; the latter mixed with slack coal (hitherto regarded at the coal mines as waste) makes an excellent domestic fuel in the form of briquettes.

Our motor transport can all be driven by spirit and lubricated by oils obtainable from our coal.

There are now various methods of coal distillation developed and in course of development: some use the gas as the heating agent for the retorts; others are designed particularly for the extracting of wealth from slack coal hitherto treated at the pithead as waste. Although coals generally may be classified as anthracite, bituminous and lignite, their many sub-grades number several hundreds: different processes of distillation are being developed for different types of coal. *The general adoption of these methods will gradually bring into commission many seams hitherto unworked in the mines by reason of their slack nature: pits now called “uneconomic” have potentialities of again becoming “economic.”*

In addition to the products distilled and the solid fuel manufactured by binding the pitch with slack coal, there is left in the

retorts a solid residue which we call coke.

Coke is, in fact, a most important fuel. It is assuming increasing influence as an economic link between the gas and electricity industries. Obviously, if it is wasteful to burn raw coal in the domestic hearth, it is also destructive to use it for heating the boilers of electricity generating stations.

Because gas and electricity have been available to fulfil identical purposes in lighting, heating and power, we in Great Britain during the first quarter of the present century have experienced the anomaly of two industries subsidiary to coal in keen but uneconomical rivalry. The gas industry has been asking us to do everything by gas: the electrical interests have been pressing us to use electricity for every possible purpose. The World Power Conference of 1924 was a notable step towards promoting the co-operation which is becoming more and more widely recognised as of vital importance, not only to the two industries concerned, but also to the coal trade and to the whole national welfare.

HOW AMERICA DOES IT.

IN the United States co-operation between gas and electricity interests extends far beyond the mere preaching of homilies of good will. In many cases the local gas and electricity undertakings are an amalgamated concern. Each recognises that its product is more economical for certain respective purposes. Moreover, the electricity is generated through boilers, heated not by raw coal, but by the coke derived from the gas plants. The co-operation, therefore, is complete in both the administrative and technical aspects. Great industrialists have often proved in the past and others are proving to-day that the secret of true prosperity is the combination of profits and the treating of the worker as a partner. Gas, electricity, and the many by-products of coal indicate that our “black diamonds” offer probably more scope for such rational development than any other raw material.

In the iron and steel, engineering, shipbuilding, and metallurgical industries generally, there exists much plant which should be scrapped: there also will be found much plant which should be working twenty-four instead of eight hours a day.



TWO in the RIFF

By Richard Attwood.

"Possibly Juan Gastos likes being hit in the jaw, too," he told him truculently.

ARTHUR STIRLING moved uneasily in his saddle as a distant shot echoed in the stillness of the African night. "I say," he suggested, "sounds as if the neighbourhood's getting a bit unhealthy, doesn't it? Wonder if the Riffs have got through here?"

The girl by his side laughed lightly.

"I really don't think they could," she smiled. "Why, the place is full of French and Spanish troops, and it's miles behind the front! I expect it's someone practising!"

A trifle uneasily, Arthur forced himself to join in her laugh. Isabel was a wonderful girl, he told himself, but this was a mad trip she had decided upon.

Isabel had been engaged to him for six months. The daughter of a retired colonel living in Cairo, Isabel Arundel had come home to England for awhile, and had fallen in love with the rising young barrister. He had arranged this legal recess to go home with her to see her people in Cairo, and at Gibraltar she had insisted on breaking the journey to visit an uncle living in the interior of Morocco.

"It's rather fun, the railway being broken down," suggested the girl, "and us having to ride. It's such a glorious adventure all alone in the night!"

"Rather," agreed her companion.

They were rather of different types, he decided. What seemed distinctly foolhardy to him appeared merely fascinating to the dark-haired, daring girl with him, and what he would call prudence she would think cowardice. But she was certainly very adorable.

"We ought to be almost at the inn now,"

Isabel decided. "And a good thing too—I'm fearfully hungry!"

FIVE minutes later they reined up before the wayside *auberge* where they had planned to stop for the night. A rather weather-beaten, ramshackle building that had seen better days, it was full of French and Spanish troops on their way to the front. From the lighted windows came a deafening clatter of songs and riotous laughter.

Inside, Arthur found the place crowded. After some difficulty he found a vacant table, and gave his order to a harassed waiter.

"The food sounds pretty awful," he told the girl, "I hope you can stand it—but it's probably the best we can get here."

"Sounds rather exciting," Isabel told him, cheerily. "I say, what an awful atmosphere! I wonder how they can smoke those fearful French cigarettes!"

At the sound of the girl's fresh voice a Spanish officer at the next table screwed his chair round to look at her. His interest was certainly understandable, for Isabel, with her vivid complexion and beautiful features, usually drew attention.

A moment later a jest from him in loud

An engaged couple in Northern Africa fall in with some French and Spanish officers, one of whom drops an insulting remark. A duel follows under the African moon, in which the girl plays a not unimportant part.

and raucous Spanish drew a laugh from his companions, who also turned their chairs in her direction.

Arthur, who knew Spanish, reddened angrily.

"I don't understand Spanish," said Isabel coolly, "but it sounded a good one! Hasn't he got a funny face? With those lips and that protruding chin he ought to be a bull-fighter!"

"Probably a Southern Spaniard," explained Stirling.

A moment later another insulting remark followed from the Spaniard. Although he kept to his native tongue, the look that accompanied it was unmistakeable, and the girl, despite her self-control, could not keep back a flush. Arthur sprang to his feet and crossed over to him.

"Señor," he told him in Spanish, "might



Stirling began to retreat round the ring. He had a strange feeling that his enemy was playing with him.

I suggest that you keep your jests to yourself?"

The officer glanced up with amusement at the tall, fair young Englishman by his chair. Then he turned his back on him.

"When Captain Juan Gastos likes to laugh," he grinned, "he does so!"

Arthur hesitated. He did not want a brawl. But he knew himself for a good boxer, and this overfed Spaniard would stand little chance in a scrap. And there seemed nothing else for it.

"Possibly Juan Gastos likes being hit in the jaw, too," he told him, truculently.

At the laugh of his companions the Spaniard swung round on him with a sudden flash of fury. His overturned chair crashed heavily to the floor. Before the Englishman realised his intention he had struck him across the mouth.

"Do you think you can frighten me?" he shouted. "Very well, then, I'll fight you! But I'm the challenged party and I choose the weapons. I choose swords!"

The room was in an uproar at once.

Isabel sprang from her chair and joined them.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "Are you going to fight?"

"Swords," said Stirling tersely. He was pale as death.

"Don't be a fool," cried the girl. "You wouldn't stand a chance—he's probably an expert."

STIRLING knew that. He would have given anything to have got out of it. If he had been alone, he would probably have done so. He was not a coward, but he saw that the odds were hopelessly unfair. But there was a proud note in Isabel's voice that told Stirling she would think him a coward if he backed out.

"What's this, Gastos?" interrupted the voice of a French officer who had hurried up. "Brawling again? And in the presence of a lady?"

"This English pig has insulted me, Captain Dor-

laine," declared Juan, viciously. "And—*valgame Dios!*—I am going to kill him!"

Captain Dorlaine turned to Stirling.

"This is madness," he declared in English. "Gastos is the finest swordsman in Spain, and a duel would be murder. Unless, of course, you, too, are an expert. Can you handle a sword?"

"I had four fencing lessons once," remarked Stirling, with an assumption of coolness that he was far from feeling, "and he'd better apologise!"

Dorlaine reflected a moment. Then he spoke to them in Spanish.

"If you murder this man, Gastos—it's nothing less—there'll be an international incident. I haven't authority to stop you—but I shall report it to your commander. You'll be broken for this!"

Gastos, a bully at heart, hesitated. He had no sporting instincts—but this put a different light on it.

"Well," went on Dorlaine, suavely and tactfully, "you gentlemen naturally want

to fight, as I quite understand. Suppose we have a politicians' duel—no deaths—stop at the first blood—honour satisfied!"

He beamed cheerfully.

Juan shrugged his shoulders sullenly, and Stirling assented cheerfully. He felt like a condemned man reprieved.

"What's happened?" asked Isabel, excitedly.

And then Arthur hesitated. He knew the girl doubted his courage. And at the cost of giving her fifteen minutes' anxiety he could win a bold reputation for life. For all she knew he was going to fight a real duel. Why tell her it was only a sham? Events might not show it.

"It's all right, really," he assured her. "We're going to fight—but I shall get him first!"

THEY poured downstairs to the courtyard outside—the fighters first, followed by an excited crowd of French and Spanish soldiers. They formed a rough ring round the centre. The African moonlight lit the scene clearly, but two lanterns were placed in the middle of the courtyard.

Stirling was there first. As he took off his coat a hot desert wind, with its strange, mad inspiration, blew in from the south, scurrying the sand around. Its unfamiliar scent gave him a strange impression that he was really going to fight for his life.

Captain Dorlaine joined him, three duelling swords in his hand. He gave a hasty hint.

"Don't keep your point low. He's got a devilish *croisé!*"

As Stirling nodded, Juan swaggered out. He had stopped for a final drink. He threw a smile at Isabel, who had taken up her place, white and lovely, at the foot of the steps. He said something in Spanish to his lieutenant.

They selected swords. "Three to choose from, Algerian fashion," explained Dorlaine.



A second later he confronted the crowd with a revolver in one hand and his sword in the other.

A minute later silence fell on the audience as the first clatter of steel began.

Stirling had one advantage. He was more athletic and agile than his beefy, overfed opponent. But, more used to boxing, he had a tendency to side-step and also to rely more on arm than fingers—a habit fatal to swordsmanship.

His quick movements puzzled the Spaniard at first. For three minutes Juan fought cautiously, suspecting that he had to do with one of those irregular fencers who disregard normal precepts.

Then he found that Stirling was really ignorant. Stirling, too, realised it soon.

His clumsy parries were futile against the deadly *ripostes* of Gastos, whose blade seemed to follow his like a magnet.

Stirling began to retreat round the ring. He had a strange feeling that his enemy was playing with him. Why?

If it had been a real duel, and Juan knew that his foe had the sweat of death on him, he could have understood those lightning lunges that almost reached him and were just withdrawn in time. It would have been the cat torturing the mouse.

But in this mock duel, why didn't the Spaniard finish the job at once?

SLOWLY they came round the circle, Juan's blade ever seeking, following, slipping past Stirling's. Arthur parried desperately and hopelessly.

Then they came just where Isabel, watching intently, was standing with Captain Dorlaine. Then—the Spanish captain's blade shot out with a sudden twist—a sudden scream from Isabel.

Juan staggered back with a choked cry, and stumbled over on to the sand. The girl had seized the spare blade that Dorlaine still held and stabbed the Spaniard.

There was a moment's hushed horror. Then a mad cry—and the crowd rushed on Isabel. With a wild effort Stirling forced her behind him and up on the steps. As he rushed to her he snatched up his coat and tore the revolver from it.

A second later he confronted the crowd with a revolver in one hand and his sword in the other. They drew back.

"Look here!" he shouted. "This is my fault—and you settle with me alone. I didn't tell her it was a mock duel—she thought it real. If you rush us, the first two of you will pay!"

Whatever nervousness Arthur might have had in the past was gone now. The real test had come, and it had not found him wanting. It was clear that the first to advance would be dead in a second.

THEN the girl's clear voice broke the moment's silence. "Your captain," she said calmly, "was cheating. He meant to kill as they came past me. I heard him say so to the man there as he came in. He didn't think I knew Spanish. That last thrust was meant to kill!"



"You two—ride for your lives. They're a nasty lot—may change their minds in a second. I'll keep them quiet with my men till you're away."

"It's true," shouted Dorlaine, who had broken his way through to them. "I saw it—it was a *flanconnade* that meant death. He was a cheat, and deserved it himself. Lieutenant, didn't he say he meant to kill?"

"Yes," admitted the Spaniard quietly.

The crowd broke back, and the French captain spoke quickly to the pair.

"You two—ride for your lives. They're a nasty lot—may change their minds in a second. I'll keep them quiet with my men till you're away!"

"Captain, it's splendid of you," said Isabel softly.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"You two—you deserve it. Mademoiselle—remember it was a very brave man who faced that rabble a second back. And monsieur, it was a very fine girl who saved you from a foul blow! Adieu—you children—to your horses, quick!"

They broke away hastily.

HALF-AN-HOUR later, beyond the reach of possible pursuit, they paused.

"Isabel," said Stirling, "what can you think of me—after this?"

"Well," the girl told him, her dark eyes shining in the night, "I have Captain Dorlaine's opinion of you—I agree!"

"But," persisted Arthur, "You knew I deceived you—"

The girl shook her head.

"Never," she explained, smiling. "I pretended I didn't understand his remarks in the inn; but I know Spanish well. I understood it was a mock duel till I heard what he said. And—well, I'm a soldier's daughter, and really I know more of fencing than you do. I recognised that *flanconnade* of his at once!"

"Then," asked Stirling, "you know everything. What's your verdict?"

"The same as Captain Dorlaine," she repeated. "And—this—"

She put up her face to be kissed.

END.

Old Plays for NEW

Few plays are good enough to stand the test of a revival which is really the test of time. The plays of Ibsen survive the ordeal and, of course, most of Bernard Shaw's. "Major Barbara," for example, has been revived with great success.

REVIVALS are a very excellent thing if you can reconcile yourself to the idea of a *réchauffé*, and why not? After all, one reads old books—he must have a very crude and unthinking craze for modernity who will keep on his desk nothing but the very latest from Mudie's. And a play resuscitated is very much less necessarily a complete dip into the past than a book re-read.

For the book, once printed and published, is more or less permanently embalmed within its covers, nor all your piety nor wit shall avail to alter a line or word of it. But the play, even if the script be untouched, can be changed, freshened, and re-vivified by its interpretation and its setting—up to a point, that is. For actors and producers can re-clothe but not re-create.

AN ACID TEST.

SO the revival of a play remains—and this is at least half its interest—an acid test of quality. How many emerge from it unscathed? None, I should say, but there are a few that come out of the ordeal but little the worse for wear except in inessential details. I won't talk about Shakespeare, for so many and indeed

"Major Barbara," revived at Wyndham's, has met with instantaneous success. Miss Sybil Thorndike, as the Salvation Army major.



By

MAITLAND

DAVIDSON

ceptions of wit to be ordinarily and traditionally discovered among the groundlings. Both, in fact, deal in a prodigious amount of thought, which may be wrong-headed or paradoxical or anything else you like, but at least holds forth an appeal to the intellect. And it gets across—scramblingly perhaps, and I daresay some of the applauders are taking irony *au pied de la lettre* and mistaking satire for straightforward funniment, but it is not possible that all the people are being fooled all the time.

A WELCOME FOR IDEAS.

I WAS struck, for instance, by the hearty and vocal approval with which pit and gallery greeted the revival of Mr. Shaw's *Major Barbara* at Wyndham's the other night. It is not a play of events; if you come to think of it, nothing much happens in it worth mentioning. It is not a play of emotions; the loves of Barbara and Adolphus, of Sarah and Charles, are about as exciting as a slice of cold mutton and a glass of gingerbeer. But it bristles with ideas, of one sort or another, though mostly intriguing—a good deal too many of them, certainly, and about 11.30 p.m., with land not nearly in sight yet, my eyelids began to feel the strain, but the more vigorous others were still being, apparently, absorbed.

From the dramatic point of view, the interest of this play centres in the second act. The scene is laid in a yard outside a Salvation Army shelter in West Ham. Major Barbara Undershaft, the S.A. daughter (not in the film sense) of a millionaire armament king father and a titled mother, is functioning as enthusiastic O.C. of a very mixed lot of privates and recruits—chief among them one Bill Walker, a violent "tough," who hits one of the Salvation lasses in the face but gets very near being converted. At the last moment, however, the acceptance of a cheque for £5,000 presented to the Salvation cause by the destruction expert checks his impulse, and also makes Major Barbara chuck her job—she will be no member of a body that takes money from such a tainted source.

UNBORED BY TALK.

THERE is plenty of minor incident here, but then we settle down to a long, long talk, about the ethics of armament-making, and so on, in the best Shaw manner. The surprising thing is that the audience should seem to be not in the least bored by its length, brilliant as it all is.

Miss Sybil Thorndike is undoubtedly an excellent Major, with Mr. Casson, Mr. Baliol Holloway, Mr. Gordon Harker and others to back her up, but it is not an actors' play, and the verdict must be that it has triumphantly gone through the test—and indeed perhaps even intensified the reactions of its audience.



Another revival—"Berkeley Square" at the Lyric: Miss Valerie Taylor as Kate Pettigrew and Mr. Leslie Howard as Peter Standish, in this fantasy of 140 years ago.

most of his works are fundamentally and constitutionally unfitted for the modern stage, in spite of their undying nobility and sparkle in the library. But of the comparative moderns one would instance, as notable Ajaxes bravely defying the lightning of Time, both Henrik Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw.

It is, I think, a striking testimony not only to these dramatists but to their audiences of to-day that they should thus retain and indeed consolidate their influence over the minds and feelings of men. For neither strikes at any easily aroused surface emotion, or tickles the elementary con-



Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson gives a beautiful portrayal of the part of Helen Pettigrew in "Berkeley Square."

A COBBLED FANTASY.

THE revival of *Berkeley Square* at the Lyric, on the other hand, was fraught, to me, with some little tinge of regret. The play, which was founded on a story by the late Henry James, has been altered by its dramatic authors, Mr. J. L. Balderston and Mr. "Jack" Squire, and it has not been improved.

This is a fantasy of a young man who comes over from America having inherited property from his English cousins. In a desk at his newly acquired but ancient Berkeley Square house he finds some papers that include the diary of a namesake, a Peter Standish of 1784 who, too, crossed from the States in that year to stay with his cousins, the Pettigrews, who lived in that self-same house. He gets to know their story by heart; and by some magic juggling with time is transported into the past.

BACK IN THE PAST.

SO he and not his predecessor arrives in the eighteenth century household, where, instead of the Kate Pettigrew he knew himself to be historically pledged to, he falls in love with her sister Helen. He is popular at first, but soon his uncanny knowledge of the future, which keeps leaking out, and his disgust at the rough and insanitary habits of the eighteenth century, make them all look at him askance. All, that is, but Helen, who indeed guesses his secret. For her "the veil is thin." Then the problem is—shall he stay in her century or return to his own? She knows he will be unhappy if he stays, and in a scene of great tenderness, again



Yet a third revival—"Mr. What's-His-Name," at the Lyceum. Our picture shows Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Gustave Corton and Miss Lorna Hosken as Marianne.

beautifully played by Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, she sends him back.

In the original version of this charming though never quite faultless play the first scene showed the young man in his modern house, to which he returned in the last, after the final tragic parting from his love of another era. Now we start in the eighteenth century, pass into the twentieth, go back to the eighteenth, then return to the twentieth, which seems to me a far less effective arrangement. Some of the dialogue has also been rather regrettably popularised—evidently it was thought that the public wanted more easy laughs.

PERILS OF REVIVAL.

THE play is not quite robust enough to survive such treatment; though much of it remains exquisite and delightful, some of the bloom has been rubbed off. Also one sees the peril of revival that lurks, especially for such a delicate thing, in a change of cast. Mr. Lawrence Anderson, the first hero, gave his part a golden voice and an air of vibrant romance; Mr. Leslie Howard, the new one, is splendidly efficient but not the answer to a Maiden's Prayer.

The whole affair hangs on its haunting pathos, not its comedy; humour about lack of birth 140 years ago is soon exhausted; and unfortunately it is only the efforts to win a gallery smile that have been reinforced in this revival.

Nevertheless, this piece is still of intense and haunting interest, and for two reasons. One is the theory put forward in it about Time, which we are the more prepared to consider seriously since Einstein put forward his theory. Life is compared by Peter Standish to a man sailing down a stream with a bend in it. What he sees on the bank in the Present is a cloverfield; he has left behind the last curve a glade of trees; round the next curve will appear a fresh scene. But picture a man hovering above in an aeroplane; he sees all three at once, Present, Past and Future. On that

analogy it is possible, he contends, to annihilate the divisions of Time. He figures himself, in fact, as adventuring in a kind of spiritual aeroplane.

THEORY OF TIME.

THE theory is put forward plausibly enough, anyway, both to set us thinking, which we have agreed to be a virtue in a play, and also to lend a sufficient modicum of imaginative credibility to its plot, which has an element of kinship with ancient Greek tragedy. For is it not the inevitability of doom that is also the central motif of plays like the *Œdipus* of Sophocles?

It has been prophesied by the seers



Three of the principals in "Mr. What's-His-Name": Miss M. Merrall as Juliette Corton; Mr. Seymour Hicks as Adolphe Noblet; and Miss Amy Brandon Thomas as Suzanne Trebel.

that *Œdipus* shall kill his father and marry his mother, and in spite of all human efforts these things are bound to happen. Peter Standish knows that, even if he stays in the past, he cannot marry Helen—yet for a time he cherishes the wistful hope that he may be able to alter what is already written in the Book of Fate.

MR. HICKS' RETURN.

YET another revival—Mr. Seymour Hicks in the farce of French origin, *Mr. What's-His-Name*, at the Lyceum. This is, one might call, an anti-thinking play. It is nonsense, and not altogether savoury nonsense. The jokes about the death of a husband at the beginning are not in the best taste; in fact, they are in the worst. One has noticed this morne tendency before in French farce-writers; but funeral wreaths are not really quite so funny as they seem to think.

However, if you can swallow that, and all the numerous complications arising from the fact that a married man of the prosperous middle-class lost his memory in a railway accident five years ago; that his widow has married again and had a baby; that he has married again and had four; and that then they meet once more—well, you will have the pleasure of enjoying the extremely able and agile performance of Mr. Hicks.



Phoebe (Miss Angela Baddeley) learns of the loss of Valentine's (Mr. Francis Lister) hand in the revival of "Quality Street" at the Haymarket.

Courtship of Birds

By E. T. Brown.

WHEN an Irishman once remarked that the two things most worth doing in this life were fighting and making love, he might have drawn his analogy from the customs and behaviour of some of our best known birds in the spring of the year, for, paradoxical though it may seem, the arts of love and war are very closely linked in the mating season.

To many people the propagation of the species in bird life is merely an obedience to the laws of Nature. It is spring; so birds lay eggs, chicks are hatched, and that is the end of it. So it is, but these people have missed the beginning, which is the most interesting and fascinating part—the courtship. While the principal feature of this is the desire of the male to show what a fine fellow he is, the method of demonstration differs very widely among different species, and the tactics employed and antics performed by some of our best known game birds form an interesting study.

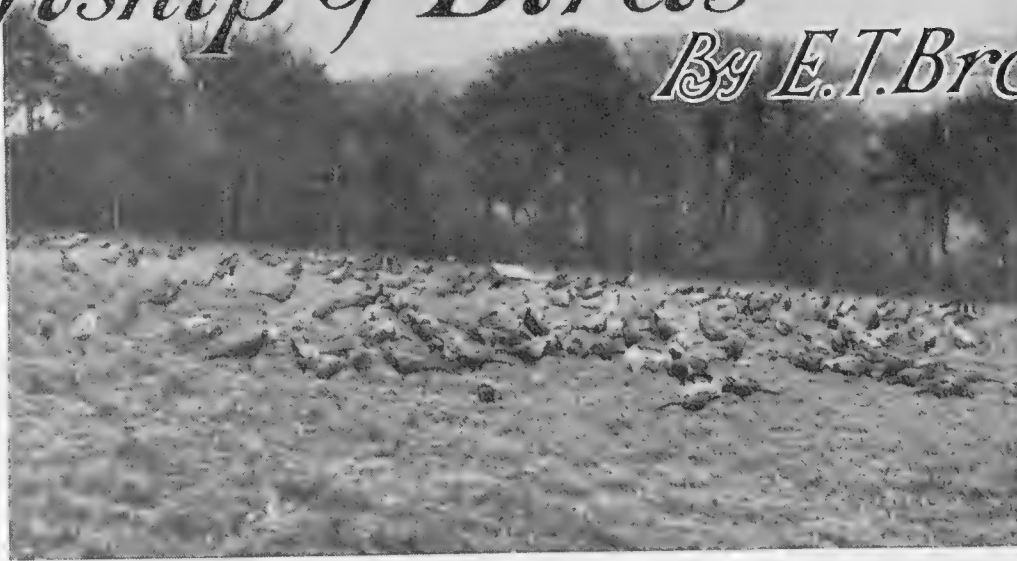
As the breeding season approaches most male game birds become aggressive, their attitude being in the nature of an invitation "to tread on the tail of my coat" to all comers. This is in all probability due quite as much to the desire to acquire and hold breeding ground as to the *beaux yeux* of the hen, for all birds resent the presence of others near their particular patch in the nesting season.

THE PUGNACIOUS PHEASANT.

THE pheasant is one of the most pugnacious of game birds in the spring. Not only will he fight his own sex, but frequently he will even attack hens. The battles between cocks are sometimes a gory business, especially as they use their spurs to full advantage.

It is always said that cock pheasants are polygamous, but rather is it true that all pheasants are promiscuous lovers, and the hen is quite as likely to have as many husbands as the cock has wives, depending on which sex is in the majority.

In his courting days the cock will jump and dance, strut and ruffle out his plumage for the delectation of the hen, who as a general rule treats him with complete indifference. Mr. D. Dewar, in his book *Game Birds*, says that the antics of the cock bird are not so much directed to actual courtship as they are the outcome of an exuberance of spirits, coupled with the desire to indicate to all and sundry that on his bit of territory "trespassers will be prosecuted."



During the breeding season the fighting instinct among male game birds is strongly developed. Although this instinct has never been fully explained, it is probably due to the natural law of the survival of the fittest.

PARTRIDGES AND GROUSE.

THE way of the partridge is somewhat different. Here, too, there is fighting, but on a much milder scale. The hens also fight, although opposite sexes will not attack each other.

There is one exception to this rule, which was recently quoted in a contemporary. During a series of experiments in breeding from Hungarian partridges, it was discovered that where birds were wrongly mated, in most cases the hen would kill the cock, who, seemingly having lost all interest in life, would offer no resistance.

Partridges pair early in the year, and are strictly monogamous. Here also the male bird seems to seek his own particular bit of ground, from which he calls to the hens before mating. He will also watch over and protect the nest, but will not sit on the eggs in the hen's absence in the same way that a cock pheasant will sometimes do.

Grouse are also monogamous and pair so early in the year that bad weather frequently drives the birds into packs again after mating. But even this does not seem to affect the pair.

The cocks are very pugnacious, and rise frequently into the air, calling all the time as though to warn off intruders. During the whole hatching period, the male will remain close to his mate, giving out warning calls at any sign of danger.

A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

PERHAPS the most interesting of all game birds, and the least known, is the capercailzie. The great size and strength of these birds often cause fatal results in the contests of the males at breeding time. The fights are for territory, because they occur before the cocks summon the hens.

The victors in the fray each secure their "small holding" and nest in trees, from which just before dawn the first call to the hens is given.

Again to quote Mr. Dewar, the love song of the birds is composed of three distinct calls at short intervals, and by the time the last call commences the cock bird is in

such a state of passion that he is totally blind and deaf to all around him.

This bears out a well-known fact that, although as a rule the capercailzie is a most difficult bird to approach, at mating time one can get within a few yards of him.

On the Continent shooters take advantage of this, and it is on record that birds have actually been shot while in this frenzied state without disturbing others quite close, who have continued their love calls as if no one were near. The hens come to the summons, and the males then come to the ground, pluming and preening themselves until a hen comes forward and joins a cock and they pair, but whether the hen stays with the one cock to the exclusion of others I am unable to say.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

IN contrast to the capercailzie, the aerial antics of snipe and woodcock seem to epitomise a *joie de vivre* which they appear to experience at mating time. Their evolutions are rather similar, except that a snipe will perform high up in the air, and a woodcock near the ground. The former flies very often straight up to a hundred feet or more, and descends as rapidly at an acute angle, making a curious noise with the wings, known as "drumming."

The woodcock will simply fly to and fro, for perhaps a quarter of an hour at a time, making a queer sound rather resembling a croak. Both these birds will strut and puff out their feathers and expand their tails, but there is no fighting. Woodcock pair very early, usually in January, which is unfortunately not the close season, with the consequence that many are shot after pairing.

Most naturalists agree that the air antics of both snipe and cock are the natural result of stored up energy, and in all probability this is true to some extent of all birds at the mating season. The actual reason for the fighting instinct is merely a matter of conjecture, but doubtless it is a fulfilment of the natural law of the survival of the fittest.

But whatever the real reason may be, the courtship of birds provides a most fascinating study, which has for long attracted all naturalists.

Shrubs for Seaside Planting

By MARION CRAN

Gardens in the vicinity of the sea present problems which differ from those encountered by the inland gardener and require a special knowledge.



Suitable for seaside planting—Cytisus albus.

EVERY garden brings its own problem! People who live on heavy, sulky clay know what hard work it is to cajole it into a sense of humour and get it to laugh over its job of bearing; others who have for soil the merry scampering sand know, too, the everlasting business of getting some ballast into it and tricking the madcap into facing its work seriously; while those who live on chalk with its flints and its "pockets" know their own trials full well. But of all the problems of garden-making it has ever seemed to me that the difficulties offered by seaside planting are the most interesting and exciting.

THE SECRET OF SHELTER.

VIOLENT and persistent winds, dry and parching, or else bitter with salt spray

rake the land; it needs a stout heart in an amateur to face the bleak landscape by the sea and say "Here shall be a garden full of sun and warmth, of colour and perfume."

The great problem, of course, is to secure shelter; to plant trees and shrubs in clever formation so as to break the force of these teasing murderous winds. Once the garden area is well protected by thick, well-grown belts, seaside gardening becomes a matter of joyful adventures; for there are a surprising number of plants which are only half-hardy further inland, but will grow and flower freely on the coast.

Within the warm shelter of the protecting shrubs a very lovely garden can soon be made, and it is possible to choose shrubs which look well over a long period and have attractive bloom, fruit or foliage so that they will have beauty too.

SELECTION OF SUBJECTS.

IT sounds easy to say that shelter is the first need, and that it may be found in trees and shrubs. But that is where the interest and the difficulties begin; for it is necessary to know not only what kinds of plant, but also when and how to plant them. It is possible to make a perfect selection of subjects, absolutely suitable to the soil, and yet, in establishing them without proper treatment before planting (and care in the time chosen for planting) to have only a complete failure.

On bleak, windy places shelter plants have a great deal to face in making themselves secure. Careless and ill-timed planting is fatal. Blown and twisted about in all directions, they never have a chance of establishing themselves before the drying winds of March and the summer suns drain the last drop of sap from their shrivelled bodies.

Certain nursery gardeners of patience and intelligence have studied the problems (1) of selection, (2) of pre-planting treatment, and (3) of the time to plant, with such thoroughness that the wisest and cheapest course for the

amateur is to put himself under their guidance for the all-important work of securing the first shelter plantings.

HOW TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS.

THE safest and best time of planting is late spring, and the later the better, governed, of course, by the conditions of the season. But the real secret of success is that the trees and shrubs when ordered from the right nurseryman (and it is possible to make a mistake about that!) will be carefully prepared beforehand, by a process of lifting so that they have already formed some fresh root fibres when the time for planting arrives, and they will go ahead and establish themselves rapidly in the new garden.

If space permitted I could give a very considerable list of trees and shrubs which are suitable for planting in exposed positions liable to salt winds, as well as of those which make good hedges, and also of the charming flowering shrubs which will grow by the sea in warm, sheltered places.

Readers who would like to know them will perhaps write and ask.

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Another effective shrub for the seaside—Cytisus praecox.

A Miracle in Metal

By E. M. Rossiter

The birth of a new British industry, the steel construction of aeroplanes, is an event of immeasurable importance.

British aircraft engineers have won a lead over all rivals in the application of steel to aeroplanes and airships. Seven metal aeroplanes are being built for every one of wood.

A MASS of ferrous rock reposes for billions of years two thousand feet below the ground. The modern miracle man waves a wand. From the rock pours a stream of glowing iron. Mystic ingredients—carbon, manganese, nickel, or chromium—are added to it, and, lo and behold, it is spun into a huge fairy web of steel, and bearing twenty people aloft, it flies from London to Paris in 105 minutes.

I doubt if there is a feat of engineering which can equal the modern steel aeroplane as an example of "White Magic." Except that it hasn't happened all at once, the steel aeroplane is a miracle surpassing any mythological story, and above all it is a very significant miracle for Great Britain.

BRITISH SUPREMACY.

ALMOST unnoticed a revolution has been completed in British aircraft factories which is scarcely less important than the advance made in shipbuilding a century ago, when England gave birth to the first iron ships and laid the foundation of the great industry of ship construction which transformed the Clyde and Tyne into rivers of gold.

We can take a genuine pride in the fact that British metal aircraft have no superior in all the world.

Whilst British engineers have conquered the technical problems of adapting both steel and light aluminium alloys to aircraft manufacture with a degree of success second to none, the chief British success has won with steel. Once more our engineers and workers have proved that in the development and manipulation of steel they are still the master-craftsmen of the world.



ALL STEEL.—The Knight of to-day soars aloft in a fighting aeroplane built of steel.—The Armstrong-Whitworth single-seater fighter, one of the latest examples of British steel construction.



"A fairy web of steel"—before being covered with linen fabric—the Gloster "Goldfinch" steel fighter.

"HOME-GROWN" STEEL.

STEEL is "home grown." That is the outstanding point in its favour. The use of steel for building aeroplanes renders us practically independent of foreign sources of raw material. We have a stronger, lighter and more durable machine, and we need no longer be disturbed at the rapid dwindling of the forests of spruce in America, nor be dependent upon foreign mines of bauxite for making aluminium and its alloys.

The self-same resources of iron-ore which, during the war, gave us powers of ship-building only limited by the capacity of our yards, are now the bedrock of our security in the air. But obviously we must have building capacity, which was the main point of my first article in BRITANNIA.

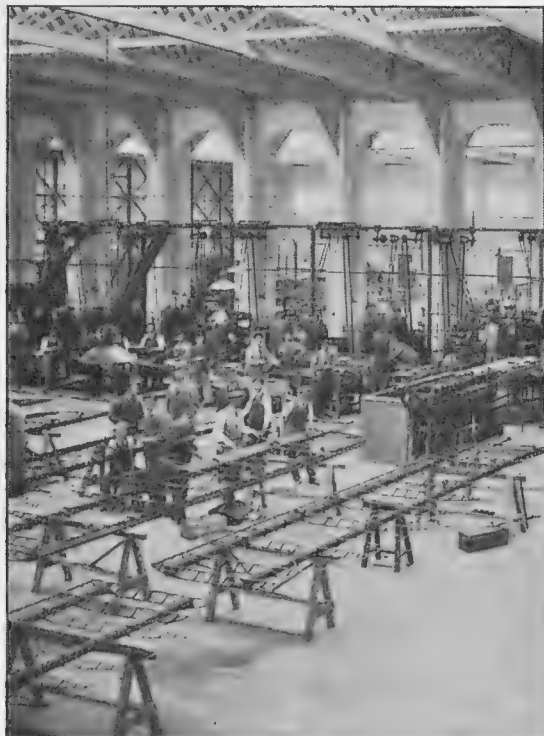
A MODERNISED INDUSTRY.

LET us take a short tour over a modern British aircraft factory. It will be a revelation of the mastery which has been attained in the construction and use of marvellously light steel spars, steel ribs and steel tubing.

Gone is the old familiar atmosphere of shavings and glue. In its place you will find massive rolling and drawing machines producing long wisps of stiff steel, the chattering and droning of riveters and the glare of the oxy-acetylene flame.

There are, of course, a few woodworkers still to be seen, but their day is almost past. They realise this and are taking steps to make themselves competent in the working of metal. Many of the magnificent craftsmen in wood have taken to the new materials as though born to them. Experienced works managers have been astonished at the adaptability displayed by the boat-builders engaged on seaplanes, whose superb workmanship in wood is now only equalled by their skill in duralumin.

The "change over" to metal construction is all but complete, and wood continues to be used only where its special properties render it more economical. This new departure has given a valuable filip to the hard-pressed steel industry. One firm of steel tube manufacturers told me recently that 40 per cent. of their total output now goes into aircraft work, whereas two years ago the needs of the aircraft constructors represented but 5 per cent. of the output.



"Gone is the atmosphere of shavings and glue."—The wing shop in a modern aircraft works. (Gloster Aircraft Coy., Ltd.)

ORIGINALITY IN METHODS.

MOST wooden aeroplanes are structurally as similar as so many peas, but in metal construction a diversity of methods is possible, and at least a dozen firms have produced individual systems on original lines. Some designers have become prominent in the development of the high-tensile steel-strip structure, others in the use of steel tubing, and others, again, in the employment of light alloys, such as duralumin.

This latter material possesses special advantages for certain purposes. It is particularly suitable for the building of seaplanes owing to its relative lightness in sheets of practical thickness and the greater certainty with which it can be treated to resist corrosion through exposure to sea water.

However, this problem of corrosion can be left in the able hands of those metallurgists whose continuous improvements of steel have made the steel aeroplane possible. They will not be defeated; a flying boat hull clad with thin plates of rustless steel is already being discussed. The metal hull has proved an outstanding success over the wooden one because it relieves the aircraft of dead weight of as much as 600 lb. of water "soakage," which is added to the useful load capacity of the machine.

FORMIDABLE PROBLEMS SOLVED.

OF the manifold obstacles which faced the aircraft designers who first set out to build in steel, the most formidable can be summed up in a few words—weight, tempering and cost. But so well have they succeeded that an appreci-

able reduction of weight has been achieved, unreliable tempering is now inconceivable, whilst if steel machines are built in fair numbers their cost is actually less. A distinct saving, in the cost of assembly and erection has been effected by the meccano-like simplicity of the components.

As the higher grades of steel are specifically stronger—strength for weight—than either aluminium alloys or wood, it was recognised to be theoretically possible to build in steel a proportionately lighter aeroplane and yet lose nothing in strength. Before, however, theory could be translated into practice it was necessary to make exhaustive experiments and tests, occupying several years, in order to devise satisfactory methods of rolling, drawing, joining, tempering and protecting the steel, and also economical forms of production.

THE DESIGNER'S ART.

IN aircraft construction the secret of efficiency is to make every scrap of material pull its full weight in the boat, since every unnecessary pound put into the structure represents a pound deducted from the useful load that can be carried or detracts from the speed or climb. So, above all, it was necessary to discover how to utilise the high-grade steel in such a way that it could develop its full strength without including an excessive amount of "idle" material.

A sheet of foolscap paper held at one end between the fingers cannot support its own weight whilst it is flat, but if it is curved it will support much more than its own weight. This simple example illustrates the general principle involved.

A vivid idea of the high pitch to which this principle has been developed by aircraft engineers is given by the steel-framed wings which carry the fighting machine through the air at a speed of 170 m.p.h. These wings with their connecting struts and bracings, have to bear the 3,100 lb. loaded weight of the complete machine and they must be so strong that they can withstand the most violent aerobatics that the pilot can perform.

They may have to withstand a force of 22,000 lb.—10 tons. Yet, although their superficial area is 300 square feet, they weigh only about 450 lb. And still the designers are not satisfied that the ideal wing structure, entirely purged of redundant weight, has been evolved.

WONDERFUL WINGS.

HOW is this immense strength secured? The main spars of the wings are made of steel, either from a number of corrugated steel strips joined together to make a hollow girder, or from a steel tube which is converted from a round section into a double "figure-of-eight" section. The lattice work ribs are made from slender sections of steel or duralumin, and the struts are steel tubes rolled into a streamlined shape.

Designers content themselves with saying



Building steel wings—The slender steel ribs are mounted on a template and the parts riveted together. (Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd.)

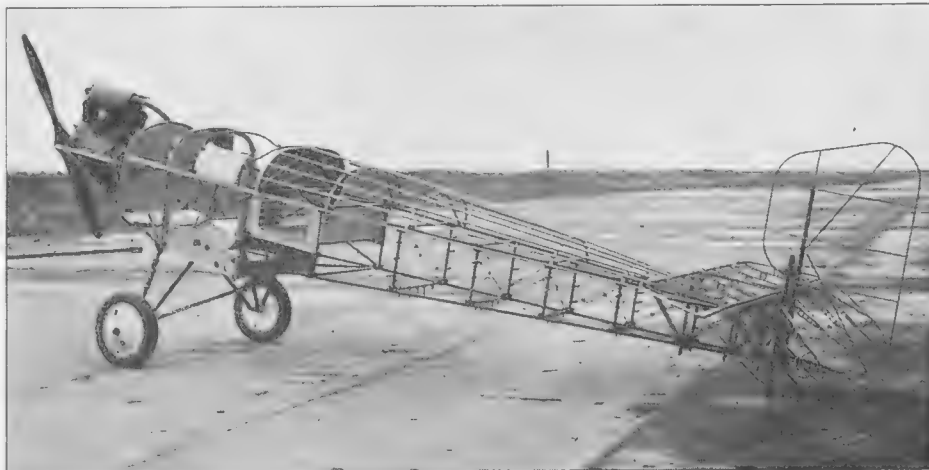
that steel construction opens up a new avenue of development and makes possible a structural refinement that has hitherto been out of reach. It is so new that its possibilities in extending the capabilities of aircraft cannot yet be visualised.

What is clear is that steel is the most stable and dependable of structural materials, that it is comparatively cheap, that we have unlimited home resources, and that we are leading the world in methods of applying it to aircraft.

British aeroplanes built of steel can be made the means of achieving for the Empire real power in the air. They are well adapted to cheap quantity production and they have an unrivalled reputation for superlative workmanship and excellence of performance.

EVIL RESULT.

LET us give honour where honour is due. The steel aeroplane is the outcome of Air Ministry policy, but the fact that America is building as many civil transport aircraft in a week as we have built in the past three years is as evil a result of the present air policy as the steel aeroplane is admirable.



The "Bluebird" side-by-side two-seater lightplane is now being produced entirely in metal.—The fuselage ready for covering. (The Blackburn Aeroplane Coy., Ltd.)

Radio of the Future

By Robert W. Beare

Whither will wireless development lead? Our contributor suggests that we may receive programmes through central exchanges which will supply the required station's broadcast.

LOOKING into the future, is it too much to believe that the proportion of homes in this country not equipped with means for listening to radio broadcast programmes will be no greater than the proportion which has not the simple convenience of a main water supply? I scarcely think so. Recently published statistics as to the number of licences in operation show the enormous present popularity of wireless; and the phenomenal growth of that popularity is not off-set by any appreciable tendency on the part of listeners to relinquish the convenience, once they have experienced it. We may, and do, and always shall, grumble at the programmes, but we continue to listen!

CENTRAL EXCHANGES.

WELL, the number is steadily growing; and only the attainment of what the motor industry calls saturation point can check the growth. Sets are becoming more and more simple; more and more inexpensive, especially in regard to maintenance. But the proportion of users who know nothing and care less about the theoretical side of the question is also increasing, and it occurs to me as a distinct possibility that the ultimate future development may not be upon present lines at all.

I rather fancy that, possibly in the quite near future, we shall see the beginnings of the change. As a matter of fact, the suggestion which I have in mind—the establishment of central broadcast exchanges—is already in practical form, although maybe in a very modest and unobtrusive form.

A good deal of technical development may be necessary before an exchange even remotely approaching those of the ordinary land line telephone would be necessary, but, mentally skipping the intermediate stages, it can be realised that the ability of a subscriber to ask for the particular station he desired to hear would be more nearly the kind of service which a great many

even among present wireless users require than that which they actually have.

TECHNICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

THE idea, so far as I am concerned, is rather nebulous at the moment. Would the Exchange possess a considerable number of different aerials and receiving sets, each tuned to one of the more popular stations, and radiate therefrom the particular programme required by each subscriber! Naturally, no one exchange could receive alternative programmes without other limit than the total number of stations in existence; but the ability to re-radiate, given reasonable reception conditions, say a dozen different transmissions, would be useful as a start.

Again, would the ether or the land line be the medium of retransmission to subscribers? Is there a possibility of making use of existing telephone connections? But I will not ask any more questions, because the subject is endless, and, to my mind, fascinating. Undoubtedly the frame aerial method of reception would form the basis of the exchange equipment, while the amplification apparatus would need to be controllable in much the same way as the output of an electric power station, according to the load at any moment.

The home constructor, who certainly forms a very effective backbone to the radio industry at the moment, would not be interested in such a development, of course, but there is no reason why his liberty of action should be interfered with. There would, in fact, be no effective competition between the sale of sets either as complete kits of components or as separately chosen aggregations of parts, though possibly the purchase of ready-made receiving sets might fall off to some degree. This, however, would be counterbalanced, in part at any rate, by the necessity for providing ex-

change subscribers with the simple receiving equipment that would still be required.

A MATTER FOR EXPERIMENT.

AS I foresee it, the greatest difficulty would be the achievement of a true radio service, on account of the inherent disadvantage of the lack of privacy of a radio transmission. The subscriber's receiver would necessarily be of the simplest description, embodying a tuned circuit set permanently to the frequency adopted by the exchange for re-radiation, and I cannot see how the difficulty could be overcome. The use of landlines between exchange and subscriber is the obvious solution—but that, unfortunately eliminates a part of the fascination of having wireless in the house.

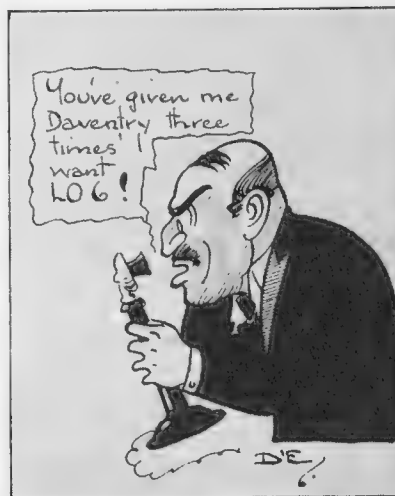
But it is not necessary to go more minutely into the subject here. It is obviously a matter for deep experiment; and in fact I believe that the matter is already under serious consideration, with a view to early development.

Personally, I feel convinced that the difficulties to be overcome can be surmounted, and that, given the ability to regulate the necessary fee to be charged so that the exchange service become a practical competitor with the present normal method of owning one's own receiving set, such a service would be immediately popular.

CHEAPER COMMERCIAL WIRELESS.

MARCONI'S Wireless Telegraph Company announce that the new week-end letter service at the reduced rate of three-halfpence a word between Great Britain and New York, with corresponding reductions to other places in the United States of America and Mexico, is also available by wireless "via Marconi." The new service has been inaugurated to meet the demand for a special rate for lengthy messages across the Atlantic, and there will be varying minima for twenty, fifty and one hundred words, according to the length of the message.

This new service is, I understand, already in operation. Under the present arrangements week-end telegrams for transmission—at the new rate by wireless must be handed in at the Marconi Company's own offices in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Bradford, but it is hoped that the facility will shortly be extended.



The ability of a subscriber to ask for the particular station he desired to hear.



We may, and do, and always shall grumble at the programmes.

Use

MAZDA

LAMPS

and see
things in the
right light

The World Crisis *in three* Books

IT has been a curious experience to read these three books together. The statesmen whose business is to initiate events, the civil servant whose business is to manipulate them, and the soldier whose business it is to transcribe words into deeds, all three parts, we might have thought, of one story. Not a bit of it. Between them there appears, *if we believe their written words*, no single thought in common.

It is characteristic of the strength and weakness of modern democracies. Each man, loyally occupied with his own duties and responsibilities, suffers dumbly in the march of events which he is powerless to control. Now, when the crisis is over, each man comes forward with his own story. The effort at a synthesis, when it is made, is as artificial and as conscious as the concentration of individualised effort at the time was spontaneous and unconscious.

The three records reveal unconsciously the feelings of those lost in the swirl of events. Mr. Winston Churchill, desperately busy with the thousand and one duties of his departments—the demobilisation of war industries in 1918, mutinies in the army in 1919, war with Russia in 1919-20, rebellion in Ireland, 1920-1, catches brilliant glimpses of the wider horizon and dashes off memoranda. Most of them are as wise, as justified, as forceful and as ineffective as the expletives of the unknown soldier diarist who turns aside only three or four times in the course of three hundred simple and moving pages to give a meaning—usually truthfully ironic—to his sufferings.

Mr. Gregory's volatile temperament produces a different book, witty, charming and cynical in the best and most enviable sense. Nothing is set down in malice. Everything is set down. But the effect of this delightful essay in sophistication is oddly enough just about the same as that of the utterly unsophisticated soldier—a man making the best of his job in a foolish world.

There are no secrets in diplomacy, says the late Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. There is no mystery about war, says the soldier diarist. There is no mystery about politics, not even world politics, says Mr. Winston Churchill. Only men make mistakes. At that one point, *if we may disbelieve their written words*, these three different men make contact with each other.

MR. CHURCHILL'S ACHIEVEMENT.

THESE three works are all, strictly speaking, *biblia abiblia*; books which are not books at all. To review them critically is not strictly possible. Mr. Winston Churchill's achievement, completed with this volume, is sure of immortality. It contains unforgettable pictures of an infinite variety of scenes and men all caught at critical moments.

BOOKS TO READ

The Coat Without Seam, by MAURICE BARING. Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.

The Gillespie Suicide Mystery, by L. R. GRIBBLE. Harrap, 7s. 6d. net.

Who Shall Hang? by M. MAGILL. Knopf, 7s. 6d. net.

The Murder in the Laboratory, by T. L. DAVIDSON. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

Memoirs of Captain Carleton, edited by C. H. HARTMANN. Routledge, 10s. 6d. net.

English Thought in the Nineteenth Century, by D. C. SOMERVELL. Methuen, 6s. net.

Peel and the Conservative Party, by G. KITSON CLARK. Bell, 20s. net.

"The World Crisis: The Aftermath." By Winston S. Churchill. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"On The Edge of Diplomacy." By J. D. Gregory. (Hutchinson.)

"A Soldier's Diary of the Great War." (Faber & Gwyer.)

By Douglas Jerrold

In this volume the portraits of Lenin and Woodrow Wilson rank with Macaulay's classic passage on the Puritans. They will be read as long as English is read. From another angle, the story here given of these great catastrophes of the post-war decade, the failure of the Allies' Russian policy, the failure to make peace with Turkey in 1917, and the Irish rebellion will be the material for historians for all time. But it is not history. It is not intended as history. It

is the record of the impressions of the most gifted of the Allied statesmen moving among events which he was not allowed to control, or even perceptibly to influence, until the time came for saving the desperate situation.

The most extraordinary part of the story is the personal revelation. Winston Churchill as the protagonist of a liberal peace with Germany, a generous and early peace with Turkey, a Russian policy equated to our own post-war resources, is, to the public mind, a new and arresting figure. Nor does his part in the Irish settlement appear less than might have been expected from a man who championed these unpopular causes.

RICH IN FORECASTS.

THE amazing series of prophetic and closely reasoned memoranda which have been unfolded in the earlier volumes continue here. If history can provide a parallel series of State papers so boldly rich in forecasts, so generally right and so universally disregarded, yet another chapter has to be written in the long register of human folly.

The sequence is so remarkable and so unbroken that there must, of course, be an explanation. The explanation goes a long way back—back to Darwin, in fact. The old rationality, with its first principles, empirical, unscientific, tested only by time, has been succeeded by a grotesque hotch-potch of pseudo-scientific dogmas lacking wholly in coherence.

Over such an empire of discordant and unreconciled ideas the expert is king and the man who sticks to first principles and is ready to apply them ruthlessly has to submit

to the claims which the modern world rivets on those rash enough to be wise before the event. The grotesque culmination of the rule of the expert is to be found in the peace conference at Versailles, when "experts" in philosophic liberalism drafted half the treaty and "experts" in militant nationalism drafted the other half. But for more than half the civilised world, still in disastrous turmoil up to 1921, there were no experts; so nothing was done, while inter-allied commissions of experts (expert in nothing but "expertise") wandered idiotically round the near and middle East watching society dissolve in muddle and starvation.

"We can decide nothing without expert investigation," said President Wilson, himself the supreme expert in the technique of reaching "enlightened" decisions. The chapters in Mr. Winston Churchill's book which describe, all too shortly, the incredible resurgence of barbaric anarchy over more than half of Europe and Asia in 1919 and 1920, are the most historically important in the book.

It is a pity that the self-denying ordinance which the author imposes on himself—he tells only the tale as he saw it unfold and describes only what is relevant to the personal narrative—prevents a full account of those extraordinary events from the pen of the greatest literary historian who has ever written history.

MR. GREGORY AND A SOLDIER.

MR. GREGORY'S book is, of course, on a different plane. It is one of the most amusing books I have read in the last ten years, and ought to have, and will surely have, a brilliant success. It has wise

words on pre-war Europe, and on the technique of diplomacy, and the delightful humour of the personal reminiscences conceals only to the foolish a subtle though gracious criticism of some of the follies of the war and post-war periods.

The soldier's diary is prefaced by Mr. Henry Williamson, who apologises for the merits of his unknown friend. "He was not the man he is now," says Mr. Williamson. I am sorry, but I am afraid I do not believe it.

Mr. Williamson, who can himself write so finely about the simple affairs of life and death, does himself and his friend an injustice. There was nothing more to say than is said in the diary. That is why it is a book worth reading.



J. D. Gregory, late Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, whose book, *"On The Edge of Diplomacy,"* has aroused much interest.

Saving Art Treasures for the NATION

By R. H. WILENSKI

People grumble because so many of our art treasures cross the Atlantic. Do these people realise that, without greater public financial support, it is almost impossible to retain them since American museums are far better endowed than are our own?

WHENEVER, as now happens so frequently, some celebrated work of art is sold to America, everyone mutters, "Something should be done to keep these pictures and other art treasures in this country," but few of those who mutter pay the annual guinea that makes them a Member of the National Art Collections Fund which exists to save such treasures and which in the last twenty-five years has saved no less than six hundred and thirty works at a cost of £250,000.

HERE AND IN AMERICA.

THE National Art Collections Fund is a Society which begs and buys art treasures of all kinds and presents them to the museums. Its revenue derives from its annual guinea subscribers and from rich art lovers who subscribe large sums and make large donations towards special purchases. Its members at present number just over 8,000.

A similar society in America—where there is no need for it as the museums are all rich—has a membership of 50,000. If the British Fund had a membership of 80,000, as it should have, it would have an annual income of £100,000, and most of the art treasures that matter could be saved.

MUSEUMS HERE AND THERE.

FEW people realise how helpless our museums now are in face of American competition. The names of the American millionaires who pay huge prices for pictures and other works for their private collections are known. But the financial resources of the American museums are not even suspected over here. The British

Museum, the National Gallery and the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery) have Treasury grants amounting to £30,000 a year between them for purchases—a sum which is often insufficient nowadays to secure a single first rate work of art.

But in America, apart from State assistance, many museums enjoy quite princely endowments. The Metropolitan Museum of New York received £7,000,000 under the late Mr. Frank Munsey's will, it has also received £200,000 last year from Mr. George Blumenthal, and handsome bequests from Mr. Frick and many others. In the same way the Toledo Museum has a large income from a bequest made by Mr. Libbey. This wealth in most cases is at the free disposal of the museums which can draw on the capital as well as on the income if they so desire.



Buddhist Art. Statue of a Bodhisattva in wood, whose purchase for the nation was helped by the National Arts Collections Fund.



"Christ in the House of His Parents," a typical pre-Raphaelite picture which was painted by Millais when only 20 years old.

competitors are still likely in most cases to secure the works of the more sensational types.

In these circumstances the extension of the Fund's membership to a figure producing a really big income is really the only practical means of enabling our museums to compete for privately-owned treasures as they come into the market; the very sensational works will still cross the ocean, but there are hundreds of others which we could and should save.



The famous Barberim, or Portland, Vase, which has been on loan at the British Museum for over a century and is to be sold at Christie's.

A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

FOR, as I pointed out in these columns last year, the richest American purchaser is not always the man with the finest taste. This country can afford to bow to fate when a second class work is carried off in triumph for £70,000 if the National Gallery or the British Museum has been able quietly

THEN AND NOW.

THE generosity of English collectors in the past has usually taken the form of presenting works of art to the national museums. But there is small hope that such generosity will be continued on any considerable scale, because the works are now so extremely valuable that the temptation to sell in the open market is very great indeed.

Death duties, it is true, are remitted in the case of sales to the National Gallery, the British Museum, or other analogous institutions, and also in the event of sales to the National Art Collections Fund, but, as national institutions can only pay a fair and never a fancy price, American

to buy five first class works for £50,000 while the negotiations for the more sensational purchase were in progress. And it is just such quiet purchases of things supremely excellent of their kind that the National Art Collections Fund has been helping and will continue to help the museums to achieve.

The Fund has acquired for the British Museum or helped it to acquire 244 works for the Oriental Departments, the Print and Drawing collections, the Greek and Roman Departments and so forth. In my view the acquisition of the great wooden statue of a Bodhisattva in the Chinese section is in itself a justification of the Fund's existence.

This magnificent figure, instinct with the strange serenity of the finest Buddhist art, was carved about seven hundred years ago. It was offered to the British Museum in 1919 for £1,365. The Museum could only afford about £650. The Fund stepped in, supplied the balance and a masterpiece was quietly secured. To-day any American Museum would certainly bid £10,000 if this Bodhisattva came into the market.

The Fund also contributed to the fine seventeenth century Brussels tapestry known as "The Seven Deadly Sins," now exhibited at Hampton Court Palace, which was presented to H.M. Office of Works in the same year.

FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

FOR the National Gallery the Fund has saved or helped to save forty-two pictures, the most famous being the Rokeby "Venus" by Velasquez, and Holbein's "Duchess of Milan." In the case of Velasquez in 1906, the Fund secured help in raising the necessary £45,000 from King Edward, Sir Herbert Cook, Messrs. Agnew, and the late Lord Michelham; in the case of the Holbein, Mr. Frick, the American collector, had offered the Duke of Norfolk £72,000 for the picture, and the Duke gave the National Gallery and the Fund a month's option; from the Treasury, Messrs. Colnaghi and others, the Fund collected £32,000; no more was forthcoming, and the picture was about

to go when a gift of £40,000 was received from an English lady who wished to remain anonymous and who remains anonymous to this day.

More recently the Fund has presented to the National Gallery the "View of Delft with a Musical Instrument Dealer," by Carel Fabritius, the famous master of the still more famous Vermeer of Delft, and it contributed £3,000 to Lorenzo Lotto's "Lucretia," which was secured for the Nation at the Holford Sale in 1927.

FOR THE TATE GALLERY.

EQUALLY good work has been done for the Tate Gallery, which has benefited by ninety-six new works, including pictures by Augustus John, Sir William Orpen, Wilson Steer, William Nicholson and many other contemporary artists. It was the Fund which raised £8,750 to complete the £10,500 required to purchase Millais's "Christ in the House of His Parents," better known as "The Carpenter's Shop," which is perhaps the most typical of all pre-Raphaelite pictures, and certainly a work of genius when we reflect that it was painted when Millais was only twenty. It was through the Fund also that Miss Mary Dodge presented the wonderful Blake drawing, called "Satan smiting Job," to the Gallery; and it was the Fund which presented the marble self-portrait of Roubiliac on which it spent £650.

GIFTS OF SCULPTURE.

THE Roubiliac gift was particularly welcome because this able sculptor is now almost completely forgotten, though he had a tremendous reputation

in his day and produced important monuments in Westminster Abbey and various churches, and portraits of Hogarth and Handel.

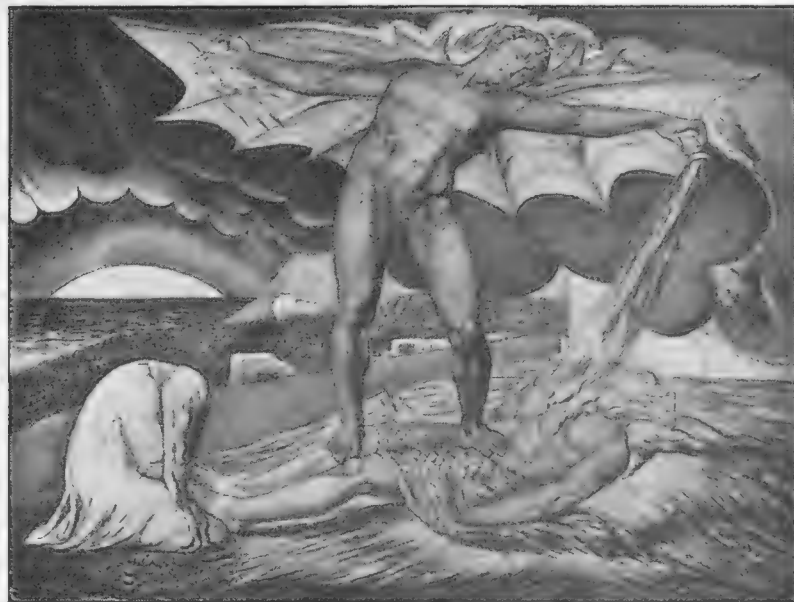
Other gifts of sculpture to which the Fund has contributed can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum. They include

secrecy is necessary nowadays if anything of merit is to be secured. The prestige of the directors and trustees of the various national museums is deservedly extremely high; if the National Gallery or the British Museum is known to be interested in a picture or other work of art which comes into the market, that interest alone is a hall-mark of the work's quality.

If the Gallery, or the Museum or the National Art Collections Fund comes for-



Hans Holbein's "Duchess of Milan," for which £72,000 was offered by an American. The Duke of Norfolk gave the National Gallery a month's option, and, thanks very largely to an anonymous donor of £40,000, the picture was secured for the nation and is now in the National Gallery.



"Satan Smiting Job," the wonderful Blake drawing which was presented to the nation by Miss Mary Dodge, through the National Art Collections Fund.

the two superb Italian Renaissance bas-reliefs: the "Madonna and Child with Saints," by Agostino di Duccio and the "Madonna and Child" by Desiderio da Settignano and some admirable English alabaster carvings.

HUSH, HUSH!

I HAVE pointed out above that most of the services of the Fund have been rendered quietly; and indeed a measure of

ward openly as a buyer, the price—as an inevitable result—rises at once to a figure beyond the resources of these institutions.

THE LORENZO LOTTO.

NEVERTHELESS in certain cases (as when, for example, a work of sensational value is in question and the price is anyway beyond the reach of the galleries) secrecy is of no avail and nothing but appeals launched with the utmost publicity can hope to secure the desired end. Sometimes even secrecy may prove a positive disadvantage.

This was so for example when the Trustees of the National Gallery privately expressed a desire to the executors of the late Sir George Holford that they wished to purchase Lorenzo Lotto's "Lucretia" at the 1927 sale at Christie's. The Gallery and the Fund were able, I believe, to go to £10,000 for this picture, and the executors agreed themselves to make any necessary contribution above this sum.

The dealers knew nothing of this arrangement, and unfortunately one or more of them were interested to secure the picture. To the dismay of the National Gallery the figure of £10,000 was soon passed, and bidding did not stop till Captain Benson representing the executors had "noddled" at £23,000.

I saw Captain Benson immediately afterwards, and I can vouch for it that he waved away his gift of £13,000 with smiling indifference. It was stated afterwards by the dealers that had they known that the National Gallery desired the picture they would have abstained from bidding.



Marble Relief of the "Madonna and Child with Saints" by Agostino di Duccio.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

There Go the Ships

By Principal Thomas Phillips

(The New President of the National Free Church Council)

A SHIP putting out to sea is a sacrament of every man's life. We are all outward bound to the future and the unknown. To watch the crowd on a London street is like watching the ships on the Thames estuary. Ship after ship hastens on its way—the patrician yacht sprightly and debonair, the plebeian trader grimy and overladen, the liner, Kipling's "lady," and the man-of-war, polished and bristling like a cabinet minister on the eve of an election. There is to be no staying in port, there is to be no hugging of the coast, there is to be no shirking of the high seas. Ever ship must face the ocean. Every man must face the future. One day a great teacher startled his pupils by stopping the school timepiece. "I have stopped the clock," he shouted, "but I cannot stop time. It tick-tacks on for ever." He was right. There go the ships, and tick-tack go our on-rushing lives with every breath we draw and every sentence we read.

There is no discharge in this war, no lagging or shirking in this voyage, and every man has to sail alone. We may proceed down the estuary in companies, but we have to face the open sea by ourselves. We have to die alone. No other ship can accompany us through that narrow channel, and in all the big issues of life we have to live alone. There is an impassable and unbridgable chasm between one personality and another. And no one can foretell what is to befall us on that limitless waste of uncharted waters. No one knows what awaits him in the Unknown.

An ex-president of the Oxford Union, and a candidate for Parliament, told me the other day, "There is nothing which thrills me more than a ship putting out to sea." He had caught the secret of men "who go down to the sea in ships." He had seen that the salt of life is its venturesomeness. To the man who has grasped the wonder of life and the Presence of God every day brings an adventure.

The meaning of religion is glad tidings of great joy, and the boon of a religious life is always to greet the unseen with a cheer. There are spectres on the sea to-day as there were spectres on the Sea of Galilee in the days of old. The disciples shuddered and said, "It is a spirit," a ghost to do us ill. But the ghost was Jesus, and the ill they feared brought them the tidings of peace and deliverance. "It is I, be not afraid." All the spectres turn out to be friendly.

STORMS AND DOLDRUMS.

OF course, storms are sure to come, but no voyage is all storms. Rough weather is occasional and not habitual. The atmosphere is not chronically disturbed, but the sun is always in the heavens. Besides, most of us have encountered so many storms that we would be cowards if we did not gaily seek the sea at God's behest and brave any cruise He commands. No sea-

soned mariner is put out by rough weather. The storms turn out to be his best friends. For one thing they pull him together, and compel him to put forth all the latent possibilities of his life. Most of us only live our fullest in a storm. I remember the *Carmania* encountering a storm in mid-Atlantic, and its captain standing at the wheel for four and twenty hours, neither touching food nor speaking to a single soul. He really lived for that dark night, and even darker day, and it was the storm that brought out all his stops. That is the beneficent ministry of stormy weather.

The temptation of us all is to dawdle and to lounge, and a storm comes along to drag us away from our dinners and frivolities and to put an end to our small talk and our smaller activities. We grasp the wheel, rally our faculties, pull the vessel through the swirling waters and discover the might and the dauntlessness of our manhood. It is the storms that make us live.

The Doldrums are far more dangerous and insidious than the storms. It is the region of the calms that undo the majority of us.

*Down drops the wind, and the sails drop down
And it is as sad as sad could be.*

and like the vessel in the *Ancient Mariner*, we are like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." We lose our zest in life and miss

*Life at its core is nothing else than
tension of will, and to abdicate
one's purpose is to sell one's soul.*

our avidity for work. We get up in the morning tired and *blasé*, drag ourselves reluctantly to our places of business, arrive late and make up for it by hastening away early. The salt is gone out of our lives and the spray never splashes our faces. Henry Ward Beecher used to say that he could only work effectively when he felt like smashing every window on the way down to his task. It is the Doldrums that sap our strength and unnerve our souls. I know a manufacturing town which was built up by a dozen manufacturers, who all started as working men. They were men of grit and iron, but many of them made the fatal mistake of starting their sons in their own business, instead of apprenticing them to the sternest disciplinarians they could find. These lads took their businesses to be picnics, and in several instances ended up with picnic remains, torn shreds of paper, and fragments of beer bottles. The fathers were made by the storms, and the sons were marred by the Doldrums.



Principal Thomas Phillips.

THE LURE OF CIRCE.

EVEN more pernicious than the calms are the islands of the Sirens. Our oldest poet tells the story of Ulysses, the most ancient of mariners. After much voyaging, he was sailing home to his wife, his farm, and his family, when he was lured by the soft music of Circe. He landed on an alluring island, and there frivelled away his time, forgetting all about the high purpose and duty and destiny of his life.

LIFE IS STRENGTH OF WILL.

THERE are modern pilgrims who cannot resist bypath meadows, and modern mariners who are diverted by the islands of Circe that soften the waters by their verdure and break the monotony of the sea by their song. These diversions may be as innocent as hobbies, or as deleterious as the debilitating fellowship of bad companions, but they are alike fatal if they rob the will of its high endeavour, and despoil life of its great and strenuous purpose. There is nothing for it but to lash ourselves relentlessly to the mast, and to stuff our ears with impenetrable wax. Life at the core of it is nothing else than tension of will, and to abdicate one's purpose is to sell one's soul.

There is still another spectre, and that is the uncanny ghostliness of a dense fog. A man crosses the Channel and gradually the gloom fastens its wreaths around the bewildered ship. Every moment you expect to see the prow of a big vessel breaking in upon the few yards that are yet visible, and the siren persists in wailing and moaning a foreboding funeral dirge to make the ghostliness more ghostly. Then at last the vessel comes to a dead stop, and incessantly shrieks in despair.

That happens in life: we sometimes come to a dead stop. But on this particular occasion the harbour mouth was only two hundred yards away, and it is a pretty common experience that when one door bangs in a man's face, another and a better door opens. God plays bo-peep with His children, He hides Himself completely in order to reveal His grander glory, and as a matter of Christian experience He's never so near us as when He seems farthest away.

If the world is not utterly meaningless and life mockingly purposeless, if Providence is anything more than a superstition and a name, goodness and mercy must precede us all the days of our lives.

Father and Son

BY HAROLD THOMSON

The story of the return of a Scottish prodigal to his Father, who had studiously spread it abroad in the village that his son was making good in America.



about the way that son of mine has got on with nobody to help him—for he hasn't had a penny-piece from me. He started off with pride in him too! You and me have had this out many a time before, but if anyone asks again about Roy you can tell them that he's a richer man than any in these parts."

Guthrie felt that he must believe that, but he resented the belief, and this because he had been one of Roy Blair's harshest critics.

"Queer though, isn't it, that he's never come back to Scotland?" he suggested. "I'd have thought that with all his money he'd have taken a trip across if only to see you and to show himself to the people who held that, as he'd 'gone wild, he'd stay wild."

Blair shook his head. "He'll have forgotten them bodies," he said. "He says terrible little [about Invergarroch in his letters and

I say as little in mine."

OLD Fergus Blair went to the cottage door with his departing caller. They stood in the porch for a minute or so, and it was then that Guthrie, the village lawyer and its chief male gossip, referred to the older man's son who had been in America for nearly ten years.

"Any word of Roy lately?" Guthrie asked. "But I need hardly be putting the question. It's every fortnight that he writes, isn't it?"

"Every fortnight regular," Blair answered. "You ask Postie McBain. There was a longish spell when the boy didn't write, but I understand now why that was. He went from here when a lot of you folk were calling him a no-good, and things like that. But didn't I always say that

he'd do well and live to laugh at them that had called him black names? Didn't I do that, Malcolm?"

The lawyer nodded, and held out a moist-palmed hand which was touched but not gripped.

"You did, Fergus," he admitted. "You spoke up for Roy and believed in him, or said that you did, even when he looked like going to the bad with the drink and one thing and another."

Blair's bearded lips moved, but not in the formation of words. Seconds passed before he spoke. Then he said:

"All that was years ago and I'm not talking about it nowadays. You know that. I've been called proud Malcolm, and I am proud—but only

PRESENTLY he was alone and watching the dumpy figure of the lawyer as it jog-trotted towards the village.

"Glad you'd be if you knew the truth—you and a lot more mud-flinging folk like you," Blair said to Guthrie's back. "But I've fooled you all—and I'll go on doing it."

Turning, he re-entered the otherwise empty cottage in which he had lived ever since he had ceased to farm up at Wee Knowe where, over thirty years previously, he had settled with his pretty wife; where their only child Roy had been born, and where the young mother had died a few months later

Seating himself near to a window from which he could see the shoulders of giant Ben Vrack and a portion of Loch Gorm, Blair filled and lighted a pipe and fell to musing over the way in which he had first silenced his son's detractors, and then created in them something of envious wonderment. In his own somewhat twisted fashion Blair had loved the harum-scarum, feckless youngster whom he had fathered, but it was personal pride rather than love which had taught him now to lie about that youngster.

It was pride which had made him say to himself, "They may be right when they sneer at the boy and say that he'll never do any good, and that'll I'll never hear from him—but I'll make them believe that they're wrong." It was pride which made him say to his neighbours and acquaintances, "Roy will be all right yet, you'll see! He's gone to America and once he's cut his wisdom teeth he'll do as well as the next man, and a bit better than most. I know what's in him, and you don't."

It was pride which had helped him to keep his head high when after the first few months of separation Roy had ceased to write home. Blair had never admitted this cessation to anyone. He had, on the contrary, begun to talk about the emigrant's dawning success and, in time, to refer, with what was held to be quite natural boastfulness, to that success as having actually come.

At regular intervals an envelope bearing American stamps came to the cottage, and only the old man knew that it contained nothing more than a fortnightly-published pamphlet called *Good Health For You*, which he had seen advertised in a New York newspaper left behind in Invergarroch's hotel by some tourist. Blair did not read the pamphlets, but he knew that Postman McBain was, like Malcolm Guthrie, a gossip.

Every now and then he, Blair, to complete the pride-inspired trickery, posted an envelope bearing Roy's name but the envelope contained merely a portion of folded newspaper, and the address was one which he had, in the old phrase, "made up out of his own head." That was for the American postal officials to bother about—not for him."



"Every fortnight regular," Blair answered, "You ask Postie McBain."

With the passing of the years his fictions had come to be regarded locally as facts. Though he did not know whether his son was alive or dead, he continually added to the fictions, and people who heard them nodded wisely and said, in effect:—

"Well; Fergus was right after all and we were wrong. He's got his little bit of money to live on, but Roy's sending him extra every month, and the old boy's banking it somewhere, though not, they say, with Cameron in the village. Wonder if Roy'll ever win his way back here? His father's right proud of him, and so he should be. Maybe one of these days Fergus will take a turn out to America. . . ."

WHEN gloaming-time was merging into darkness and Blair was yawning and about to turn out the lamp and go upstairs to the bedroom which was "tidied" by the woman who acted as his daily house-keeper, his son came home. He came in shabby, dusty clothes; he came looking ill and almost old, though he was a year or so under thirty; he came sullen of expression because pride had died in him—he came to beg.

Fergus Blair stood in the porch peering at him, and in the old faded eyes there was, at first, nothing of recognition. He thought of this late caller as a tramp, and he regarded tramps as pests who might be dangerous, and who should be treated at once cautiously and firmly.

"You can't stay here, you," he started before the other could speak. "There's a poor's-house back in the village where they'll take you in for the night. Why didn't you stop there?"

Roy's thin face was flushing, and in that moment it seemed as though pride were stirring towards re-birth.

"I can go back," he said slowly. "But I walked all the way from Strathglynne. Nobody saw me in Invergarroch and I thought I'd let you be the first. You don't know me, don't you? Don't you even remember my voice? I remember yours well enough, though your face is in the shadow. I'm—Roy, father."

Blair had not heard that word spoken to him for over ten years, and, hearing it now, he was conscious of a feeling of faintness—exactly the kind of feeling that he had often known when, now and then, he had gone for too long without food. His brow was wet suddenly, and his mouth was dry. He slid the tip of his tongue this way and that along his lips, and, as though he were a man who had lost his mental balance temporarily, began to count his pulse-beats.

"Roy!" he whispered. "Roy? Are you, Roy? You can't be!"

"I certainly am," the young man answered. "Will you let me come in and tell you all about it—or are you going to turn me away? Anybody else here? Y'see, I know nothing about what's happened these last few years. I found out where you were living, but nothing else. Perhaps you're married again and—"

Blair had put a searching hand behind him. It found the door-handle and gripped at it tightly.

"I'm not," he said. "I—can't believe this is true, but come in bye. Come in before anyone sees you, not that there's much chance of that up this way and in the half-dark. Lord! This is a queer set! It'll be some joke of yours like enough, for you were always of the jokey kind. But in with you! There's food enough in the place if it'll be that you're wanting—food and mebbe a sup of whisky left, though it's most terrible dear these days and I have a drop only now and then."

He was aware in only a dim way of what he was saying, and no further word was said by him nor by his son till they were in the living room and the door had been closed. Then Roy took off his stained and almost shapeless hat, and his father, staring at him, said:

"You're half bald, Roy—at thirty. Why? But don't tell me now. Don't you tell me anything till I get a drink for us both. I don't think we'll be saying anything much till you've had food as well. You look as though you needed it. Sit down, man, and leave me be for a minute or two. I see you've gotten a cigarette in your hand. Light it—and let the talk wait. It's always daft-like for a man to talk when he's hungry and thirsty."

WHEN Roy had eaten, and when Blair had refilled the empty tumblers and had lighted his pipe, he said:

"First go off, I'm wanting to say that you can stay here the night, but that you'll have to be off first thing after dawn. The woman who looks after me—Mrs. Strang her name is, and you'll mind on her, for her husband was yon drunken boatman you used to go about with—comes in early, and she mustn't know that you've been here."

The whisky which the son had taken had set him tingling, and he laughed as he asked why it was that Mrs. Strang should not know that he had come back to Invergarroch, a down-and-out who had been beaten in life's game and whose one desire at the moment was to fall asleep in a bed—a thing which he had not done for many nights. He did not really care, he said, if he never wakened from that sleep. If, as the preachers said, there was a part of him which went on living after his body was cold and finished with, then that mysterious part of him could look after itself—or would be looked after, which would be much less trouble.

But when he had heard all that his father had to say he laughed again—and some imp blew on the remaining spark of zest left to him, and fanned it genially. He saw a way out of his troubles, and the knowledge that that way would cost his father a good deal of money was of small matter.

"Seems to me that you've got the local gossips and

toadies licked good and plenty," he said. "I'm a success, am I? That's fine! But you'll have to be paying for all those lies, you know. You've admitted that they were lies—and I've admitted that I've come back to Scotland only because there was an ache in me to see the hills and the lochs and the moors again and because I thought you might help me. . . . There was a time when I did well, but I was like you."

"What d'you mean by that?" his father asked.

"I mean," Roy said, "that I married a girl who went and died—and left me feeling that nothing in all the world mattered any more. But don't put that down to my credit. I was weak all the time. I admit it. But I'm going to pull something on you now because I've got to—the way I see it. I've got a hold on you, father of mine though you may be."

BLAIR winced as that bitter truth hit at him. His much-talked about, much-boasted about son had come back to him—a failure. If that son were to be seen in the village as he was now and spoke as he could speak, and quite evidently was prepared to speak, then he, Fergus Blair, would know a very hell of humiliation. Covertly or openly, he would be mocked at for the pride-blown fool he was.

After years of bombastic, jealousy-creating lying he would be crushed by the contempt of the men and women to whom the lies had been told. Why! even the children of these men and women would make game of him and cry out their juvenile taunts as he passed. These things could not be! They must not be allowed to be! He would rather die, he thought, than look again into the eyes of even so poor-hearted a creature as Malcolm Guthrie—if Roy were to announce the real condition of affairs.

"I see," he said, when he had sipped again from his glass. "You can't be meaning this, Roy. It's true that I was a bit harsh mebbe when you were a youngster—that I was too ready to let you go your own way and fend for yourself when I might have known that you



"First go off, I'm wanting to say that you can stay here the night, but that you'll have to be off first thing after dawn."

weren't ready for that. But I'd have kept you from hurt if I could. You must know that. I wrote to you for months after you stopped writing to me and you didn't think fit to answer. I'm getting to be old and tired. You're not going to let them folk here batter at what's left of my pride? You've had bite and sup with me this night, and you're my own flesh and blood. You'll go away in the early morning, won't you, Roy—without touching Invergarroch? It isn't that I want to see the back of you, but just—"

"Just that you're afraid of being laughed at?"

"Just that. . . . I've very little money for it's my annuity that I live on, but I'll send you something if you'll write to me."

He sat suddenly erect, and the sombreness had gone from his eyes.

"I'll play up if you will," he went on. "You give me money in cash or a bearer cheque on your bank in Strathglynne, and I'll leave here when I've had an hour or two's sleep. I've got used to wakening myself, so you needn't be worrying about that part of it. I'll get myself a slap-up turn out in the way of clothes, and a suit case. I'll have a bath and a shave and then I'll send you a telegram saying that I'm arriving at Invergarroch by such and such a train to-morrow evening. I'll keep my word about all that for I'll be wanting to talk to you about money again afterwards. But you'll be able to put the news round that your whale of a successful son is coming home on a few days' visit."

"Pride, nothing!" Roy answered, and looked away. "What I'm wanting is to have a decent rig out—and to put those sneaking, gossiping Jennies here where they belong."

WHEN, less than twenty-four hours later, Fergus and Roy Blair were together again in the cottage, the older man said:—

"You were fine, Roy. Even if you were to tell them the truth now they wouldn't be believing it. . . . Did you see the way that Malcolm Guthrie looked down his nose when you gave the half-crown to the porter? Lord! I never spent a half-crown better than that one! And then Mrs. Smeaton who used to say—"

Roy held up a hand and snapped a finger and thumb. "Don't go on, father," he said. "You had your triumph. Forget it! I'm not going to let you down. Tell me something—what t'hell made you cry at the station?"

"Me?" said Blair.

"Me? Me cry? what's got hold of the boy? I didn't cry! Never have! Not since—damnation! I never have!"

"Well, there were tears in your eyes and you were blowing your nose," Roy said. "Isn't that crying—in a man?"

"Not with me," his father answered, "I've gotten a cold, that's all. . . . What are you thinking about, Roy?"

Roy was watching the rose light behind Ben Vrack; watching it as it changed gradually to a delicate pink, and then to lemon.

"Nothing much," he said. "But that—that at the station—made a difference. I hadn't expected that. Don't let's getting talking soft stuff, but you're lonely and I'm lonely, and we both know why. Let's make a triumphal exit from Invergarroch, you and me. The crowds'll be there to see us off the way they were to see me come in. You've got enough to live on and I'll be needing none of it—now. There's that job waiting for me at Crudenvar."

IT was wonderingly, thankfully, half-timidly that Fergus Blair asked:

"But would you be happy there, Roy? Do you think that you could stay—and that you could put up with me being with you?"

"If I didn't want you to be with me I wouldn't be speaking about Crudenvar," Roy said. "If we want to, we can come back here now and then, all dressed up, to

see the places that we've been carrying around photographed in our minds. And if anybody in Invergarroch gets to know that I'm working for next to nothing—why! most of them have heard of rich men who've lost their fortunes. I'll never make a fortune—but I'm glad I'm back home."

Blair drew a finger across his nostrils. "You've done that," he said. "You've won back yourself. And you won't always be poor, Roy. One of them days when I'm gone—"

"Oh, cut that out," Roy said. "Think about the folks cheering you as you go off with your successful son."

THE words were crude enough, but as he spoke them Roy put a hand on one of his father's arms. It was a spontaneous gesture, as was the gesture which the father made when he put a hand on the hand of his son.

END.



His son was leaning forward, elbows on knees; chin on up-turned palms; eyes gazing at the fireless grate.

"I'm tired too—and feeling old," he said. "I want to rest here for a bit. I guess you'll think I'm trying to put some sentimental stuff across, but it's true that I want to climb Ben Vrack again, and to spend at least one day on Loch Gorm. You've never felt that way, because the ben and the loch have been always at hand. I want to rest here—and to forget."

"Listen, father! I worked my way back from the States not knowing, nor caring much, where I was going to finish up, nor what I was going to do. I can't tell you how it was that I came to these parts. Maybe it was luck—maybe something was pulling me. Anyway, I spent a couple of nights at a place called Crudenvar. You'll know of it, but I shouldn't think you've ever been there. I asked for work and I got an offer to start in a week. Listen again! I'm not starting so long as I can live without working. I tell you I'm tired."

"I've about two shillings left. That's not good enough. I came across the hills not knowing whether I'd find you, but I have found you, and it's here I'm stopping—unless you want to have all those folk you've lied to about me 'ha-haang' at you. Here! I'll tell you what we can do!"

"And think of seeing me step from a first-class carriage, and giving a dollar to the porter who carried my case."

His father had been nibbling at a thumb-knuckle. Now he looked up and there was the flicker of hope in his eyes.

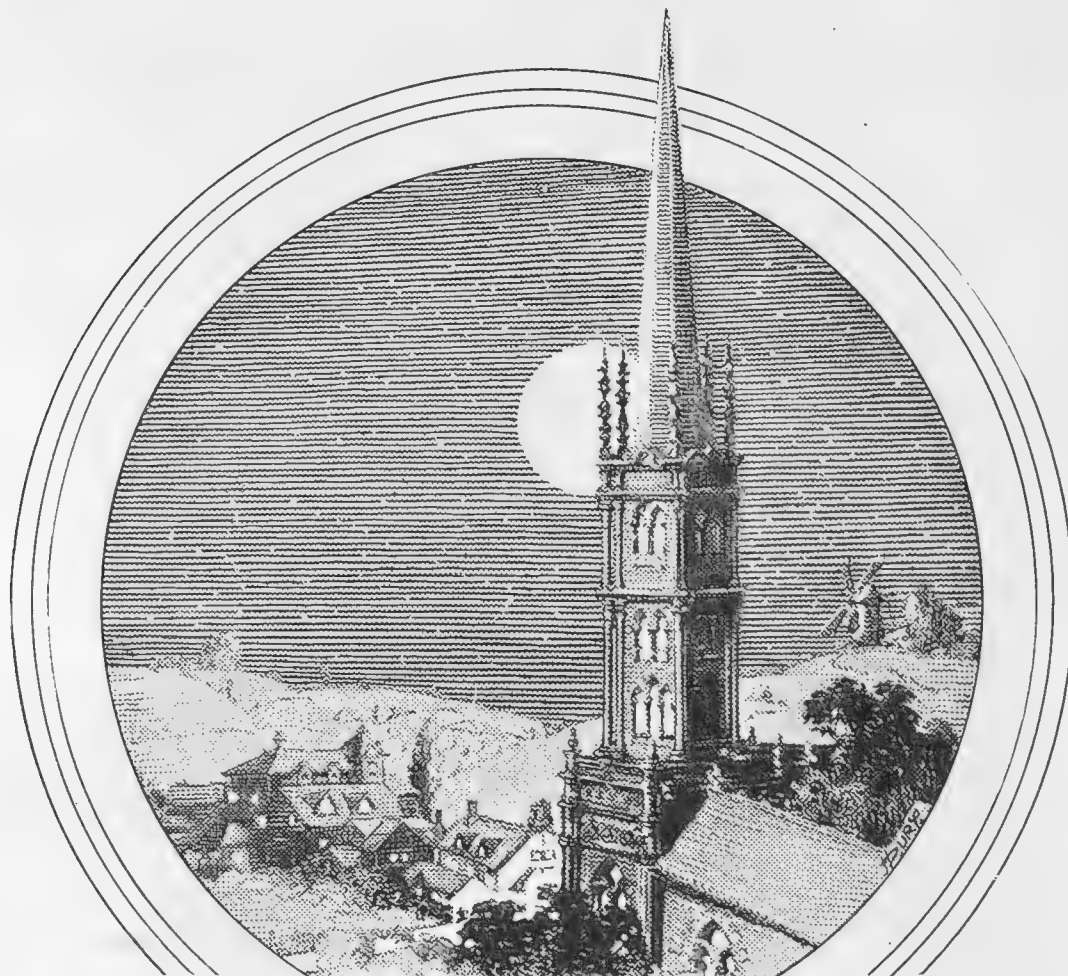
"That would be a terrible fine thing," he said. "But—can I trust you, Roy?"

"You can, if you like," he was told. "You needn't if you don't feel that way. But think of the folk who'll be at the railway station pretending that they went there by chance, or to get an evening paper! And think of seeing me step from a first-class carriage, and giving a dollar apiece to the porter who carried my case and to old Jimmie Garvie who has the station waggonette—if he's still alive and has it."

"He's still alive," Blair said. "Wait you a minute, Roy. I'm going to get my cheque book."

Before he went from the room he stood in front of his son and looked into his eyes.

"Aye—you're tired," he said. "But thank God there's a bit of pride left in you."



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Womens Section



(Above) Walls of plywood, with an emerald green cellulose lacquer finish, form a sympathetic background for this modern lounge, the furniture of which is carried out in Tasmanian oak. The rather daring carpet in orange and black makes a striking, though pleasing contrast in a colour note which is re-echoed by the wall decoration.

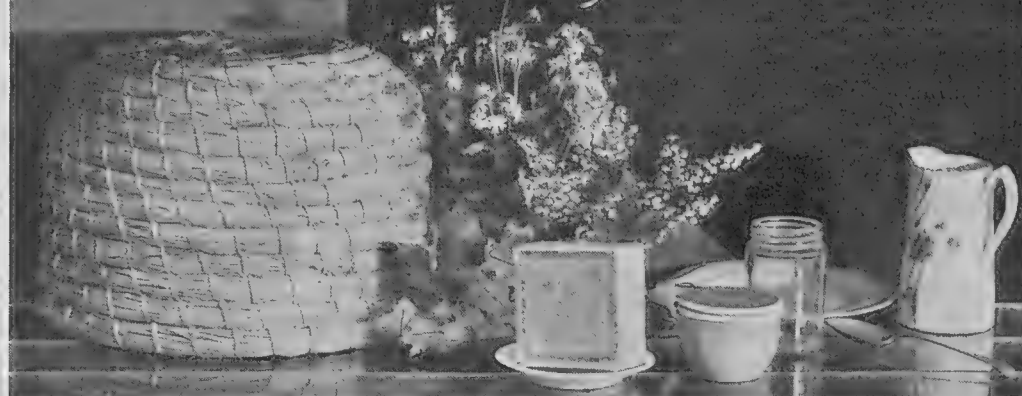


(Left) Weathered oak so often seems to find its way into the breakfast room, where its soft neutral colouring lends itself to friendly association with the gay colors of china, napery, etc. Here it looks particularly happy, in company with an extremely modern wallpaper. The archway at the back just gives a glimpse of the small entrance hall of the flat.

INTERIORS PLANNED IN A MODERN FLAT.

Some Beehive Dainties

By Stuart Culbard



BEFORE the days when trade with the tropics introduced cane sugar into temperate regions, honey was the most common sweetening substance available for human food, and reference to old family cookery books shows to what a great extent it was used. There is truly nothing new under the sun, for the bee was the symbol of the Kings of Egypt, and in this country, as far back as May, 1665, Pepys records the fact that there was in Mr. Evelyn's grounds "a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mightily pleasantly."

VARYING BRANDS.

FLAVOUR in honey varies according to the source of supply, and that exported from Holland differs with each season of the year in consequence of the clever contrivance of Dutch bee-keepers, who convey the hives to different food centres at different seasons. Thus Spring honey—and there is an adage that "a swarm in May is worth a load of hay"—tastes of sweet clover, and is distinct, for instance, from the product of August.

Maltese honey owes its peculiar delicacy to orange blossoms. Narbonne honey is distinguished by a flavour of rosemary, while heather-covered moors bestow an unmistakable fragrance on the product that comes from Scotland. So vast a difference do certain flowers make in this respect that enthusiastic bee-keepers will frequently cultivate special plants which are known to be good, solely for their bees.

Although honey and the honeycomb are the oldest of sweets and the most wholesome, many people do not yet know its value in cookery, nor the ingredients that blend most harmoniously with it. Among these are nuts, raisins and other dried and crystallised fruits, milk or cream, and delicate flavours like orange-flower water and rose water.

CONTINENTAL CONFECTIONS.

ON the Continent it is largely used in the mixing of gingerbread and cakes, and

Honey has a value in the home which is often not appreciated by the housewife. Our contributor offers some helpful suggestions as to its uses.

the following will be found delicious. Take six ounces of fine flour, two tablespoonfuls of honey, a gill of sour cream, three ounces of caster sugar, a teaspoonful of baking powder. The sugar and cream must be well mixed first, and then the honey—slightly warmed—be added, and the mixture beaten well. Stir in the flour and the baking powder and when mixed pour the mixture into a buttered tin and bake in a moderate and steady oven.

Honey gingerbread is a delicacy well known to travellers in Belgium, confectionery shops in Bruges being especially noted for tempting slabs of this, ornamented with gorgeous pieces of preserved fruits. It should be remembered that this cake is best eaten fresh.

To make it, cream together four ounces each of butter and sugar; add two eggs, one at a time, and beat each in well. Then work into the mixture four tablespoonfuls of good pure honey and beat the mixture again. Have ready a pound of fine flour with which has been mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one ounce—bare weight—of ground ginger, and six ounces of mixed fruits. Stir these dry ingredients to the creamed mixture, adding a spoonful or two of hot water if needed. Turn into a buttered baking tin and bake in a steady oven.

MEDICINAL HONEY.

BAKED or, so-called, boiled custards are greatly enriched by the use of honey. For serving with stewed fruit or summer puddings, a good honey custard is made by mixing together a third of a cupful of honey, the yolks of three eggs and a pinch of salt. Bring two cupfuls of milk up to boiling point and pour over the eggs, etc. Cook in a double boiler, or in a jug set in a pan of boiling water, until the custard thickens.

Many are the good offices of honey in the

home. It is excellent as an antidote to catarrh, as a remedy for coughs, colds and sore throats, and even when the more serious bronchitis threatens. Added to olive oil or cod-liver oil it so changes their flavour as to make palatable what to some people would be impossible.

Here are directions for making a pudding, the cream-like consistency of which is very desirable. Let one ounce of tapioca soak for some time in one and half pints of milk. Then put them, together with one ounce of vermicelli, into a buttered pudding dish. Stir in honey sufficient to sweeten, and a few drops of vanilla essence, and bake in a slow oven.

AS A SALAD DRESSING.

TRY honey as an ingredient in salad dressing, and you will never use sugar again. Make half a teacupful of cream hot in a double boiler. Meanwhile beat the yolks of two eggs and add them, together with one tablespoonful of honey, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful each of made mustard and salt and a shake of pepper, to the cream. Add these very slowly, beating the mixture well all the time. Put it into a double boiler and cook very gently until it thickens. This is excellent for fruit as well as vegetable salad.

When used in cookery, honey does not always produce the same effect as corresponding quantities of sugar. But cooks should become thoroughly familiar with the kind of honey used, and where it is used as a substitute for sugar bear in mind that, as a rule, a cupful of honey corresponds to rather more than the same amount of cane sugar, and if of good quality it will sweeten equally as well.

But besides sugar in honey there is a certain amount of water. Therefore, in using honey as a substitute for sugar, use one-fifth of a cupful less of any liquid called for in the recipe. If this rule is kept in mind special honey recipes are unnecessary, as ordinary recipes may be easily modified.

The Dowds of other DAYS

By Gladys Peto

Which of the wasp-waisted maidens of the 'eighties were smart—and which were dowds?

think she is my wife! . . ."

And that is a true story!

THIS is an odd queer thing that must occur to every one of us. Let

twenty, eighty, two hundred, or even ten years pass away, and we cannot discover the Dowd at all. . . .

Look at the photograph of that wedding group of the latter years of the war. . . .

Which is the smart, well-groomed bridesmaid, and which is she who would wear her hat in such a way that the milliner was reduced to tears and sobs? . . . We cannot tell.

In the books of snapshots of our child-

hood's day, Aunt Dorothy wears a great, wide hat, balanced upon the back of her head. The Aunt Dorothy of to-day is the smartest, trimmest creature, so one is quite convinced that that was the hat of that moment . . . but otherwise it looks as if it might have been the dowdiest creation.

The family album of the 'eighties that comes out from its drawer and over which we giggle so gaily will not yield up its secret. . . . Which of the wasp-waisted maidens were smart, and which were dowds?

See the quaint Victorian portrait that hangs upon the wall. . . . Great-aunt Eliza was obviously the prettiest of the queerly crinolined sisters, but which was the best dressed damsel? Whose clothes were most certainly in the mode and in the greatest taste? . . . Great-aunt Eliza with her ribbons, Great-aunt Louisa who holds the pet bird, or Great-aunt Bertha with her Albert tartan. . . . Alas, we do not know!

WHEN the warriors came home from Agincourt, there were, you may be sure, the Lady Jehane, who wore, to welcome them, a wimple in the newest shape (all the women

murmured their approbation), and poor Lady Anne, who had adorned her head with a linen caul quite out of date. And she was duly pitied by whispering maidens—although one suspects that the good knights (like modern Frank) could not tell the difference.

Now the Lady Anne, all carved in stone, a greyhound at her feet, lies in the cathedral. . . . and near her sleeps Lady Jehane in that smart new wimple. . . . or was it, after all, the other lady who was in the mode? . . . Which was which? . . . It is quite impossible to decide.



"Look, isn't she adorable?"

IN spite of all the helpful advice of the women's papers, and the remarkable improvement in woman's general appearance during the last decade, the Dowd is with us yet.

Poor lady, her skirts are too long, or too short, her hat at the wrong angle and her shoes the wrong shape. She adores frocks with funny bits and buttons where no buttons should be. She is particularly addicted to sleeves that flop just below the elbow, and to the wearing of unbecoming pince-nez, while lorgnettes and tortoiseshell spectacles beckon to her from every shop window.

It is an entrancing pastime to ponder the whereabouts of the emporium from which she procures her curious garments. For myself, I uphold the theory that she concocts them herself at dead of night.

YET in some ways, you know, she possesses a curious charm. One cannot imagine her, somehow, in any other garb. And although it is a delightful thing, should one know her well enough to pull her hat over her brows and rearrange her fur about her neck, her personality is shattered then, and one would almost have her as she was—or would one? Well—it is hard to say.

Her husband, for quite often she possesses a husband, adores her as she stands. . . . There entered my drawing-room once my old friend Freda. Her skirt flapped about her ankles, her stockings were wrinkled, her hair hung in ends and wisps, a pink ribbon shoulder strap peeped coyly on her shoulder. . . . I was just about to rearrange that straying ribbon, when whispered Frank, the faithful Frank, an even older friend. . . .

"Look, isn't she adorable? And to



Great-aunt Eliza was obviously the prettiest of the queerly crinolined sisters, but which was the best dressed damsel?

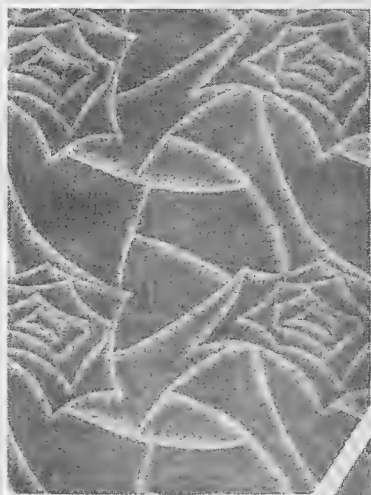
Spring fashions in your Home

By Julia Cairns

I NTERESTING, this fashion business; time was, when it meant nothing more than whether sleeves should be long or short, dresses plain or figured . . . but we are past that now, happily well past, and to-day with every bit as much interest as she takes in planning her wardrobe, does modern woman scheme also to keep abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to her home.

But, before proceeding, I will stress one point. She panders to no whim of fashion whatever for the mere amusement of being considered in vogue.

Crazes may come and crazes may go, but they will leave her unmoved if comfort does not go on for ever. Indeed, it is not so long ago since fashion was regarded as the definite indication of frail femininity; Comfort (with a capital "C") was only supposed to be given a thought by the sound wisdom of superior masculinity. But to-day all that is changed. We women demand fashion and comfort.



achieved by the co-operation of the manufacturer, who, perfecting his processes of colour-dyeing, is also co-operating so readily with the artist designer who interprets in almost a magical way such realistic colours of nature.

ASSUMING, therefore, that we are now considering the question of furnishing fabrics for our easy-chairs, our divans, and our settees our pouffes and fender-stools, but bespeaking the utmost in comfort, we now want to bring them as up to date in their material aspect as we wish ourselves to be in our personal appearance.

There are mainly three types from which to choose:—

Firstly, plain materials such as repps, slub-repps and slub-silks, furnishing linens and poplins—a wide class of fabrics; a class which, although not new, is never old in fashion. The reason being, of course, that where walls are figured or where carpets are much be-patterned, plain materials seem readily to counterbalance any suggestion of unrest—to soothe any feeling of mental disturbance arising from too much design.

Secondly, there is the wide, wide range of figured cretonnes, linens and chintzes which, season by season, seems to become more and more insistent in its appeal to the modern home lover. The reason no doubt is largely due to the excellent results now

Three typical examples of modern furnishing fabrics which at times display a definite geometrical tendency, and at others favour mere beauty of curve.



This shows an interior which has been treated with essentially modern fabrics, and in view of the café-au-lait walls, and the henna-brown and beige weave of the chair covers and curtains, and the rather exquisite graining of the furniture, a most restful effect has been achieved.

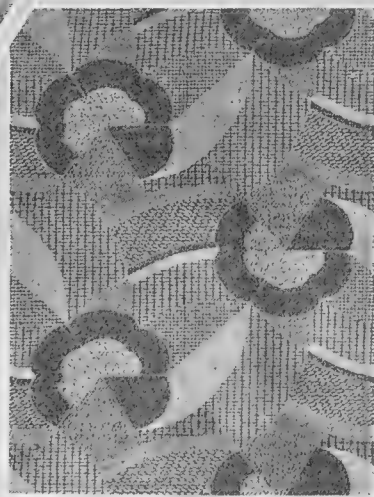
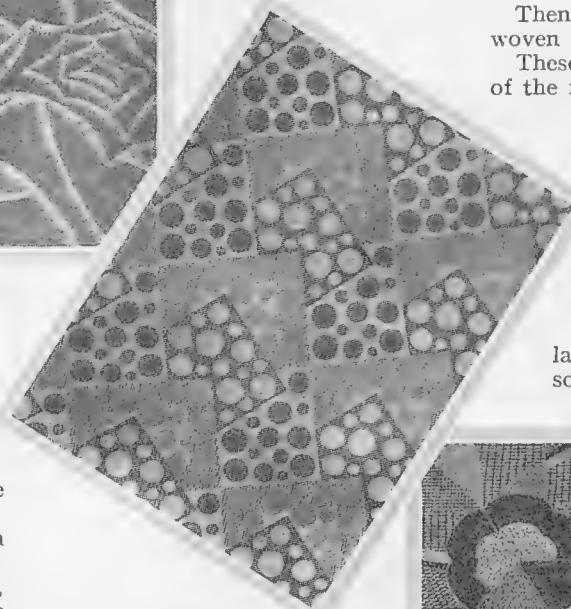
Then there are fashion's latest favourites—woven cotton, artificial silk and silk materials.

These designs are achieved by actual "weave" of the material—the colours are "interwoven" and not block printed.

FOR instance, some, in a way, are almost suggestive of a plaid effect; others, whilst slightly reminiscent of a floral design, are, as it were, cut into by futuristic shapes, and others are quite geometrical in their patterns.

But even though by mere description this latter class of modern furnishing fabrics may sound a little harsh, a little "ultra" for

the simple-minded home, it is essential not to lose sight of the fact that the actual results are very soft and pleasing. That is to say, the colours, or as is often the case the tones, seem to merge in beautiful harmony, with the result that so long as these fabrics are allied with plain walls with simple furniture they can be relied on to achieve delightful and harmonious effects.



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Imperial Vineyards

By W. Teignmouth Shore

There has, for some reason, been a prejudice against Empire-grown wines, but they are as good as and far purer than some of the wines from the Continent.

TRUTH is occasionally spoken by the most arrant liar. Was it not Iago who said: "Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used"? Good wine used to be an expensive luxury; bad wine always was and always will be a poisonous abomination. Just as the Empire has come to the aid of the homeland larders, so do Imperial vineyards enable us to become familiar with good wine at most reasonable prices.

LABELS DON'T MAKE THE WINES.

THERE are still foolish folk who turn up their noses at Colonial wines, so denying to their lips many admirable liquors. I used to be one of the supercilious foolish ones in this matter. I am now wise. My conversion was brought about at a friend's table; the means being a tall, slim, reddish hued bottle from which my glass was filled more than once with golden wine, rightly named Paarl, which meaneth Pearl.

I set out to explore for myself, and I now know one thing for sure: that if I desire, as I do, to be certain of the purity and quality of such wine as I can afford, my money will be best expended on the produce of Imperial vineyards. Of Continental wines there is too much cheap and nasty rubbish being absorbed by an innocent and confiding public.

It is not the label that makes the wine! Much red claret is here drunk that was not born in a French vineyard, a lot of it coming from Algiers and much from Spain; not bad drinking, sometimes, but not what it pretends to be. I like to get what I pay for; a common liking. With great wisdom and foresight the Governments of Australia and South Africa forbid the exportation of any wines that are not absolutely pure and of the standard quality. The law is strictly enforced. Before any producer in South Africa can export his wines he must submit samples to the Government wine expert, whose approval he must secure. Equally stringent measures are in force in Australia.

COLONIAL VITICULTURE.

"VINTAGES," years famous for the high quality of the wine, are a snare to the wine drinker and a temptation to be dishonest to the sellers. Many a label lies! In regard to European wines the only security a purchaser can have is the name of a reputable exporter from the country of origin or the name of an honest merchant here who has a good name to lose. A label



By courtesy of

Messrs. P. B. Burgoyne & Co.

that bears no more than the name of the wine and a date counts for nothing with the wise and wily drinker.

There are not any vintages in Colonial wines. All years are equally good. The Colonial vineyards are not subject to vagaries of weather as are European. This advantage, combined with careful blending, is assurance that the quality of the wine does not vary from year to year, or from bottle to bottle. Colonial labels cannot lie! It is a splendid feather in the cap of the Imperial vineyards that their products do not vary either in purity or quality.

Mistaken notions that are being only slowly eradicated are that vine culture in the Colonies is still in the days of its youth, and that the making of wine is still in a more or less experimental stage. Exactly the contrary is the fact. South Africa was making wine three hundred years ago, and Australia more than a hundred!

ALWAYS PURE.

THE difference in character between the wines of old countries and of new is chiefly accounted for by differences in soils and climate. The same grape there will produce a different wine from what it does here. Empire wines are still not so fully appreciated as they should be, because of the sins of their youth, when inexperience led to errors in the growth of the vines and the making of the wines. Also, in the early days, exportation was carried on in haphazard manner. But the days of giddy youth are no more.

Colonial vineyards are planted with carefully chosen European vines from France, Spain, Germany, grafted often on and strengthened by American stock, which are immune from the attacks of the fatal phylloxera; the soils in which they so greatly thrive are much richer than those of European vineyards; the mildness

of the winters and the dependable sun of summers ensure a finer and proportionately larger harvest every year. Colonial wines made from Bordeaux, Burgundy, Xerez, or Rhine grapes, grown in these conditions, are as a rule slightly more alcoholic than their European brethren.

Strangely, the very finest European wines are the product of poor soils and uncertain weather conditions, the harvest sometimes being small and varying greatly in quality from year to year. But the great European vintages are unequalled, unrivalled. But—we are not all millionaires! To everyday folk and for everyday consumption I recommend Colonial wines, because they are pure always, because their quality is good always, and because their price is moderate always. A flagon of fine Australian Burgundy holds as much as an ordinary bottle

and a half of decent wine and does not cost more. Good quantity, good quality.

WINE TO BE PROUD OF.

THE climate of South Africa permits the production of wines of almost every familiar type; light and strong, sweet and dry. Vine cultivation was started there in 1653 at the Cape by the first Dutch Governor, Johann van Riebeck, and in the reign of James II over half a million of vines were growing in South Africa. A year later an influx of French exiles gave inspiration to what is now a national industry. To-day, after many ups varied by a few downs, South Africa is one of the great wine-producing countries—sending us wines of every type, Burgundies, Clarets, Hocks, and what may be called a first cousin to port wine, namely, Pontac.

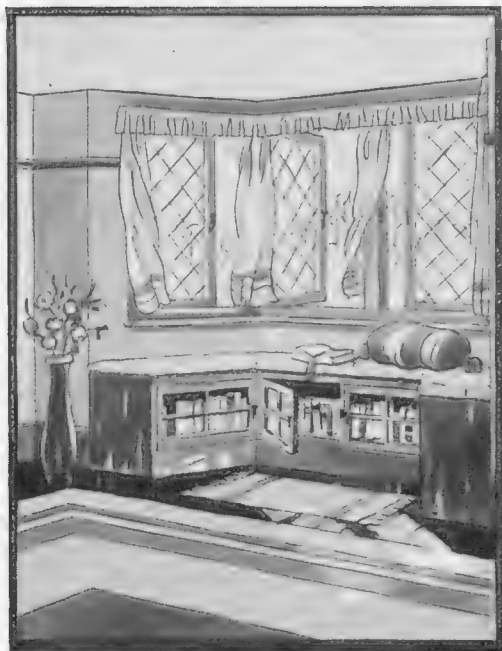
AUSTRALIAN PRODUCTS.

THE wines of Australia are as generous and as kindly as the Australians. They stand high in quality and in character. It was over a hundred years ago that vines were first planted in New South Wales, and many present day owners of vineyards there, in Victoria, and in South Australia are direct descendants of the pioneers of Australian wine production. Not only is Australia an ideal vine-growing country, but with the passage of years and the accumulation of experience there has been steady progress toward perfection in the making of the wines.

We are all now familiar with what may be called "flagon" Burgundies, red and white, imported from Australia, which familiarity has bred the very opposite of contempt; familiar with Tintara, unique as a natural tonic wine, which is goodly to the palate; Harvest Burgundy, "Ophir Rich," which has the high character of a fine "port," but not the high price, and so on.

Making Use of the Nooks and Corners

By Marjorie Day



Here, a large bay window finds accommodation for a bookcase and window seat combined.

THE homes of to-day—most of them at least—are of such modest proportions, and our modern demands for space so insistent, that we have been forced to exploit our ingenuity to the utmost in order to find accommodation both for ourselves and for our possessions.

The days when each room was filled almost to capacity with incongruous and incompetent furniture pieces are, happily, over; but the pendulum has quickly swung in another direction, for now we are faced with "Where can I put . . . ?" problems.

ON this page these two illustrations show how two odd corners have been successfully adapted to practical use, without in any way marring the artistic appearance of the room, or spoiling its symmetry. I do not say that either can actually be put into practice in your own house; your lounge or dining-room may not possess a bay; or again, your landing window may not lend itself to this particular treatment; but, on the other hand, there may be one or two small nooks whose possibilities you have left entirely unexplored.

The bay window shown in the first illustration primarily becomes the proud possessor of a window-seat, the soft upholstered loose seat of which is covered in the same shade



The landing window, too, can quite simply be turned to practical account, without spoiling its appearance in any way.

of reseda green as the curtains. And below—a home for your books, where they can be kept happily, and safely guarded from harmful dust by the glass doors.

The second illustration shows a built-in chest of drawers, as it were, which will give you very welcome additional drawer space. Should the inside wall depth not be sufficient, a shallow cupboard might quite easily be built there instead.

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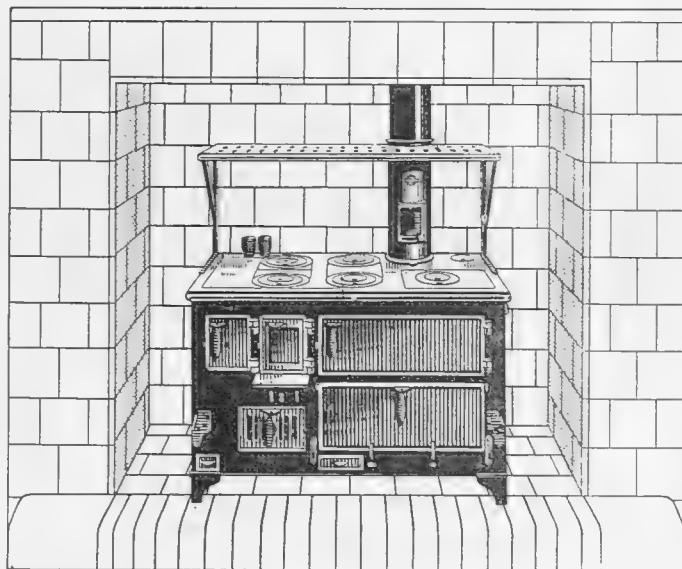
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See on the left, an up-to-date version of early season tennis outfit, the sleeveless frock carried out in primrose-yellow fancy jersey, and the coatee bordered with narrow red, green and beige ribbon. A gold kid belt is worn at the natural waist-line and the hat is of red felt. Beige wool-crêpe is used for the three-piece of the right, the stockinette scarf, yellow and brown in colour, and the accompanying coat, expressed in beige and brown speckled tweed. (Reville.)

THE question uppermost in all our minds at the moment is what to buy with a view to Easter, sports clothes coming first on the list, for the Easter holiday always marks the moment when we in England begin to take life out-of-doors seriously, after more or less hibernating through the dark days.

Motor coats, contradictorily enough, are assuming much more importance as the sun begins to shine. That, of course, is because so many of us get the saloon habit in the winter and can afford to disregard the value of wind-resisting materials. Now that it is a case of "hoods down," and wicked-looking sports models once more doing their sixty miles per hour, all the world is wearing leather in every imaginable hue—scarlet, deep yellow, jade, sapphire,

With a View to EASTER

By Marjory Charlton

Life out of doors and the clothes that concern it "come into the picture" towards the end of March.

saxe, cherry, etc., etc.—often accompanied by smart matching little leather caps, designed with ear flaps, on the lines of an airman's helmet.

The tweed coats that are destined for motoring are rendered wind-proof by fur linings that can easily be removed if the coat is required for another purpose, and detachable capes add warmth to the models in tweed, West of England coating, etc., that can also be described as ordinary walking coats.

INTERESTING TRAVELLING ENSEMBLES.

SO much for those who are taking to the open road. Other travellers will be interested in a frieze wrap, mustard in colour (mustard is one of the season's new shades), with leather cuffs, collar and belt that tone and a matching lining of crêpe-de-Chine.

Also in something very new in travelling ensembles. A coat of a warm woollen fabric, cut on severely tailored lines and the collar worn high to the neck; altogether most workmanlike and practical. And underneath! The airiest of chiffon frocks, the design striking the same colour note as the coat, which is chiffon lined. Quite an amusing metamorphosis when My Lady arrives at her destination.

For the ensemble shown on this page, beige wool crêpe is used, the skirt knife-pleated, with the pleats narrowing towards the waist. Attached to the jumper is a brown and yellow stockinette scarf and the accompanying overcoat is made of beige and brown speckled tweed, lined with beige crêpe-de-Chine. The upstanding collar of this is piped with brown suède, and the hat, of beige and brown speckled straw, stresses the same colour note.

Soft tweed, so loosely woven that it almost gives the effect of a lace stitch, in a mixture of beige, brown and brick, carries out the three-piece on the opposite page.

It has a jumper of beige lace wool, with a narrow edging of brick at the neck and hem, and the long coat that belongs is cardigan-shaped (quite a new note this!) with a narrow belt of brown leather.

SMARTNESS ON THE LINKS.

AS far as go lfk it is concerned, it certainly won't be the fault of the designers if Englishwomen are not well dressed on the links this season.

One outfit that will particularly appeal to the keen golfer consists of a tweed skirt, knife-pleated at the side, and a belted coat of Gazelda suède; this, made with storm collar and cuffs, is carried out in a colour that blends with the tweed and has



If you want to be smart, have your bag, belt and buttonhole en suite. Suède velour carries out the trio illustrated above, the colour, leaf-green and earth-brown, being sprayed on to give the fashionable ombré effect, and the bag piped with brown leather. (Reville.)

been specially designed to give absolute freedom of movement.

Another, which is illustrated on this page, takes the form of a two-piece in beige tweed, with a tie and pocket edging of brown and white spotted foulard.

And "all white" being a little chilly in appearance for early season tennis, also the silk and cotton fabrics, in which the champions will elect to play later, fancy jersey is suggested. (See left-hand illustration on opposite page.) This outfit is primrose-yellow in colour, the frock sleeveless and the cardigan coat edged with a red, green and beige ribbon border. A gold kid belt is worn at the natural waist-line, and the hat, that has quite an appreciable brim, is made of red felt, just as light in weight as the proverbial feather.

STRIKING COLOUR SCHEMES.

QUITE a number of the latest sports models consist of simple one-piece frocks, belted at the natural waist-line, the skirts side-pleated or slightly flaring, completed by capes, sometimes waist length only, sometimes reaching to the hem of the skirt, cut on full lines, and the edges often scalloped.

Frocks, with which are worn loose cardigan coats, contrasting in colour, are another up-to-date variation of the two-piece. In these, colour schemes are unusual and striking. With a dress of rose crêpe-de-Chine, for instance, a navy blue coat of a woollen fabric is worn, the same colour note being stressed in belt and hat; with a dress of light beige, a scarlet coat looks particularly effective; and scarlet and navy blue is another popular colour alliance.

Wool motifs, embroidered in gay colours, brighten many of the wool stockinette jumpers in neutral and pastel shades—deep blue crocuses on yellow; gaily-coloured mixed bouquets on fawn; pink roses on light blue, etc., etc.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ACCESSORIES.

SPORTS shoes! Much more interesting affairs these than they used to be in the past, when it was a case of tan or willow calf only. Now, although intensely practical, following the lines of the foot and with low workmanlike heels, they often show effective colour contrasts in the form of piping or insets.

Tan willow calf is used in conjunction with beige lizard or brown suède, black lizard trims black suède, or white buckskin and tan willow are allied effectively.

Sports stockings are keeping themselves quiet, small low tone designs with feather effects being worn in preference to anything startling in colour and pattern, and plain ribs, always becoming to the leg, are fashionable, too.

Last, but certainly not least, come all the delightful accessories that have been designed to wear with sports clothes.

Scarves! These are the gayest of affairs: in natural coloured woven cloth, with bright borders, or in crêpe-de-Chine or fine cashmere, with a silk finish, striped, spotted or patterned geometrically.

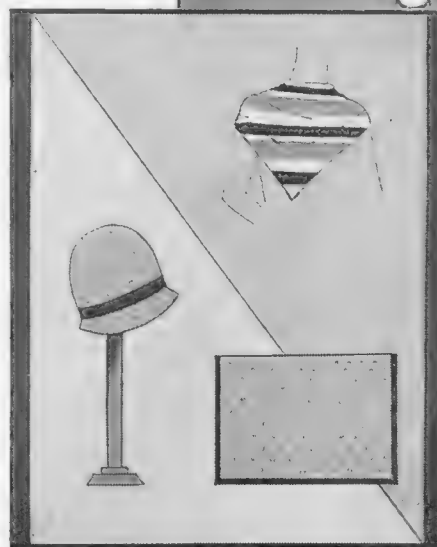
Sometimes hats and scarves match, sometimes scarves match bags, sometimes all three match each other; or gloves and bags are in unison, in beige or leaf-green suède.

Belts are all-important in fashion's new schemes, and one of the new alliances is between a belt, bag and buttonhole of suède velours, piped with leather, earth-brown and leaf-green in shade, the colour being sprayed on to give the new ombre effect.

And walking sticks! The newest are made of inlaid polished wood, very light and quite unbreakable; they are most attractive in mahogany and jade, but, needless to say, they should be matched to suits, a matter that can be easily arranged. It is all the little points, the picking up of a colour, the stressing of one particular form of trimming, etc., that makes dressing so very interesting to-day.



Smartness and practicability are combined in the Golf suit, illustrated on the left, for which beige tweed is used, with a tie and pocket edging of brown and white spotted silk. The three-piece on the right is made of loosely woven tweed, in a beige, brown and brick mixture, the long coat, belted with brown leather designed on cardigan lines. The accompanying jumper is of beige wool lace, with a narrow piping of brick at the neck and hem. (Worth.)



Sports hats and bags are often made to match. Beige and brown tweed, with a piping of brown leather, is the medium for the models shown above. Note also the striped scarf of fine cashmere, most important this season in Fashion's scheme. (Worth.)

IF IT SHOULD RAIN?

WITHOUT being unduly pessimistic, it is certainly an unwise shopper who fails to take the possibility of wet weather into consideration. A survey of the latest rain kit, indeed, may even reconcile her to a downpour! Macintoshes, so called, are the most attractive affairs to-day; carried out in rubberised crêpe-de-Chines and silks, in every variety of colouring, printed and plain, with fold-up hats that match. In many cases, bags also follow out the same scheme; and even the accompanying flower takes on a fresher aspect in a damp atmosphere, for it is made of rubber!

And for golfers—waterproof coats and skirts of a feather-weight lightness have been designed on the same lines.

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than the first post on the Thursday following publication. They should be addressed to: Bridge Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM XIII.

♠ J, 8, 4, 2.
♥ 10, 4.
♦ A, 10, 3.
♣ A, Q, 7, 5.

North
West South East

♠ A, Q, 10, 5, 3.
♥ A, Q, 5, 3.
♦ 7, 6, 4, 2.
♣ —

South bids a spade; West, Two clubs; North, two spades; East, three Hearts; South, three Spades. Closed.

Trick. WEST. NORTH. EAST. SOUTH.

1	DK	DA	D5	D2
2	SK	SJ	H2	S3
3	DQ	D3	DJ	D4
4	D9	D10	H6	D6

How should South continue the play of the hand?

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM X.

♠ J, 9, 7, 4.
♥ Q, 9, 6, 5, 2.
♦ J, 9.
♣ 8, 3.

North
West South East

♠ A, K, Q, 3.
♥ 10.
♦ 6.
♣ K, Q, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2.

The bidding is—

EAST.	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.
No	1 C	1 D	No
No	1 S	2 D	No
2 H	3 C	3 D	No
No	4 C	No	4 S

West doubles and leads King and Queen of Diamonds. How should South continue the hand?

The grave danger of four card suits, even with four cards in the partner's hand, is that one is in dire danger of defeat should one be forced, and an opponent hold four Trumps also. Whenever such a hand as this occurs, one must continue, if possible, to scheme a plan whereby such a potential holding can be discounted.

The second round of Diamonds must (a) be trumped or (b) used to afford a Heart discard. If (b) is adopted, one will be forced in Hearts instead of in Diamonds, (a) is therefore the method to

pursue. Now, if one trumps with a low trump and receives another force, Dummy will be long in Trumps, but can never get in to draw them. Consequently, South Trumps the second Diamond with an honour.

On the first round of Trumps, East drops the 10. This could not be divined, but so it happened. South now must establish his Clubs, and leads the King. West takes and leads the Heart ace. This wins and he continues the treatment. South trumps with his last honour, leads his low Trump, finesses Dummy's seven against East and draws two more rounds, exhausting West. Then the last Club is led from Dummy and the 10 and Jack fall to South's top card, leaving declarer in the lead

with nothing but master Clubs in his hand.

Many competitors read East as short in Diamonds owing to his Heart bid, but this was false reasoning. East tried to improve his partner's minor. The other hands were: West, Spades, 8, 6, 5, 3; Hearts, A, 4; Diamonds, A, K, Q, 7, 3; Clubs, A, J; East, Spades 10; Hearts K, J, 8, 7, 3; Diamonds 10, 8, 5, 4, 2; Clubs 10, 6.

It is interesting to note that West could have slaughtered the contract either by returning a Club or by holding up the ace.

I have assessed this week's awards on the reading of the hands and the method of attack adopted to manipulate these to the best advantage.

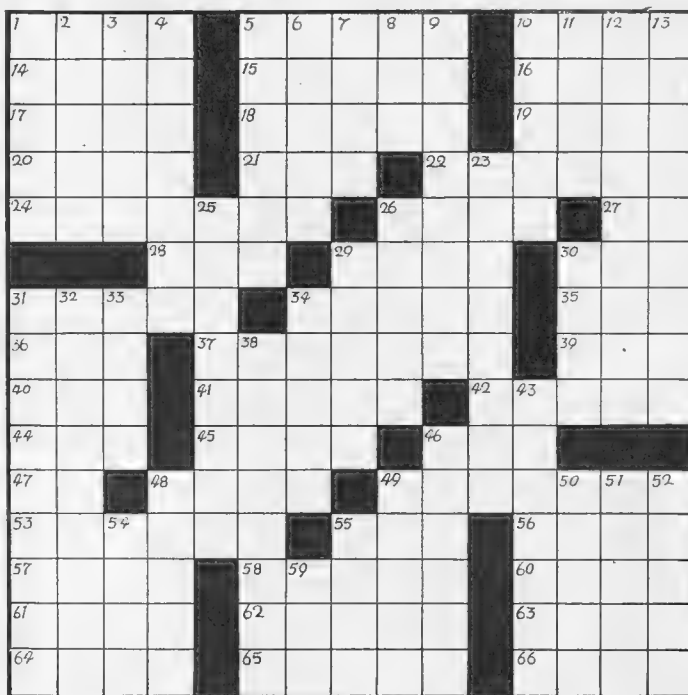
BRITANNIA Crosswords—No. 14.

CLUES.

Across.—1, "Pest" (anag). 5, To bulge. 10, People don't always boast of their this. 14, "A—was born in my head last week" (Browning). 15, "Christ Church, Oxford." 16, Moulding. 17, Dante beheaded. 18, Not quite balder. 19, Sips. 20, A reversed reel. 21, A knee without a head. 22, "Teaser" (anag). 24, Ivanhoe and the Black Knight were. 26, "An enemy to life" ("Hamlet"). 27, A tailless rodent makes an Egyptian deity. 28, "Fawkes" and "Mannerling." 29, Headland. 30, Three-fifths of a Latin mother. 31, A legal seizure. 34, Contains sodium. 35, A headless and tailless motor. 36, A fish upside down. 37, Designate. 39, It's nonsense if reversed. 40, A live one is worth more than a dead doctor.

A year's free subscription to BRITANNIA is offered for the first five correct solutions opened after the closing date. Solutions must reach the Crossword Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, not later than the first post on Thursday, March 28th. The Editor's decision is final.

judges. 27, Raccoons (abbrev.). 30, Rather more than 35 across. 31, Muslim Freethinker. 32, Sound amplifier. 33, It is silence ("Hamlet"). 34, When the money's gone. 38, Tube for conducting water. 43, A bird. 46, On walls and bookstalls. 48, A kind of pudding. 49, "I am a—man, Madame Fribbsi" (Thackeray). 50, "A Seer" (anag.). 51, Makes a kind of tea. 52, African antelope. 54, A mixed ceremony. 55, A reversed cheese. 59, An endless instrument.



41, 13 to 19. 42, Smells (Amer.). 44, Half a dotard. 45, — of Court. 46, In favour of. 47, Box without a top. 48, Entertainer. 49, Swiftest. 53, "Tan Ant" (anag.). 55, Half a Zoo terrace. 56, Put in a boot. 57, "It is backed like a weasel" (hidden). 58, Politicians do this. 60, To rave. 61, Kind. 62, Lebanon's pride. 63, Saxon slave. 64, Playing card. 65, Parts of ships. 66, Loyal.

Down.—1, "How weary, —, flat and unprofitable" ("Hamlet"). 2, Harmoniser. 3, Penetrate. 4, Mr. Morris recently got one. 5, A hut or song. 6, Beheaded vestments. 7, Uncouth with or without C. 8, Half excuse. 9, "Brer —" ("Uncle Remus"). 10, An endless drink. 11, With a V it's hazy. 12, A divider. 13, They make wills. 23, Builders. 25, A gyratory movement. 26, Turkish

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD No. 13.

Across.—1, Echo. 5, Pad. 8, Bath. 12, Dear. 13, Are. 14, Aria. 15, Arid. 16, Set. 17, Teen. 18, Merest. 20, Retard. 22, Acetate. 24, Stile. 27, Accrual. 31, Ait. 32, North. 34, Via. 35, Dessert. 37, Italy. 39, Prisons. 41, Assays. 44, Agents. 48, Doer. 49, Ont. 51, Team. 52, Ales. 53, Nee. 54, Sore. 55, Mode. 56, Son. 57, Enow.

Down.—1, Edam. 2, Cere. 3, Hair. 4, Ordeal. 5, Paste. 6, Are. 7, Detract. 8, Batter. 9, Area. 10, Tier. 11, Hand. 19, Scenery. 21, Echoing. 23, Tarts. 24, Sad. 25, Tie. 26, Its. 28, Uva. 29, Ail. 30, Lay. 33, Orisons. 36, Sparse. 38, Tsetse. 40, Oaten. 41, Adam. 42, Solo. 43, Seed. 45, Neon. 46, Taro. 47, Smew. 50, Neo.

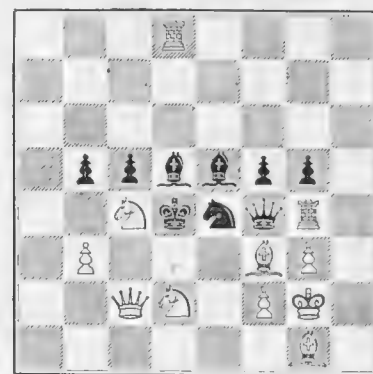
THE PRIZE-WINNERS

For Competition No. 10 the prize-winners are:—Mrs. M. Byford, 11, Auckland Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool; A. C. Morgan, 32, Albion Street, London, W.2; Mrs. Philipps, 6, Challoner Mansions, West Kensington, W.14; Mrs. N. E. Lonsdale-Cooper, Lane End, Hinksey Hill, Oxford; Mrs. P. H. Dunn, 77, Knighton Church Road, Leicester.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 14. By NORRIS EASTER.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Thursday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

Owing to pressure on space the Chess Column has been crowded out on a few occasions. I have, therefore, decided to continue the first section of the Ladder Tourney for an extra month. This will enable me to dislodge some of the leaders, by introducing a few difficult problems, and, thereby, obviate a ballot for prizes. I hope our solvers will agree that this is the best way out of the difficulty.

End-Game No. 11 (Votruba): 7K; 2P5: p7; K4b2; 3p4; 8; 6p1; 2B5. White to play and draw.

Solution to End-Game No. 10 (Rinck): 1 Kt-Q7ch, K-Q5; 2 Kt-B4, P-R3; 3 P-R5.

Weenink's fine problem (BRITANNIA No. 8) was one of the selected problems in the March number of the "Chess Amateur."

Problem No. 12 (Nield). Key Q-B3 (threat Qxh). If BxQ; 2 BxB. If KtxP; 2 Kt-Kt4. If P-K4; 2 Q-B7. If Kt-B7; 2 Kt-B6. If RxPch; 2 KtxR. If Kt-B3; 2 KtxKt. An excellent sacrificial key, and interesting variety.

Selected Game.

Game No. 14. Played in the International Correspondence Chess Union (Berlin). Centre-Counter Gambit.

White.	Black.
Dr. Dührssen	H. Laue
1 P-K4	P-Q4
2 PxP	Kt-KB3
3 P-QB4 (a)	P-B3
4 PxP	KtxP
5 P-Q3	P-K4
6 Kt-QB3	B-QB4 (b)
7 B-K3	BxB
8 PxB	Q-Kt3
9 Q-Q2	B-K3
10 P-K4	R-Qr
11 Kt-Q5	BxKt
12 KPxK	KtxP (c)
13 PxKt	RxP
14 Q-B3	O-O
15 Kt-K2	Kt-Kt5
16 R-Qr	KR-Qr
17 Kt-Br	R-QB4
18 Q-Kt3	Kt-B7 ch (d)

White resigns
(a) Preferable is, B-Kt5 ch, B-Q2; 4 B-B4, B-Kt5; 5 P-KB3, etc.
(b) If B-KB4; 7 Kt-KB3, Q-Q2; 8 B-K2, R-Qr; 9 O-O, BxP; 10 BxB, QxB; 11 Q-R4!
(c) A sacrifice with a purpose. He gets two pawns and a murderous attack for the Kt.
(d) All finely conceived, for if 19 K-Q2, Q-R4 ch; 20 K-K2, Kt-Q5 ch. If 19 K-B2, R-Kt4 dis ch. If 19 K-K2, Kt-Q5 ch. An ending with the Troitzky touch.

A Ranking List at Last. *By*

F. GORDON LOWE.

As the result of the decision to start a ranking list for British lawn tennis players, the standard of play in this country is likely to be greatly improved.

THE news that an official ranking list of our first twelve men and women players is to be issued at the end of each season will give real satisfaction. All other countries which count in lawn tennis have long since published their annual list, and it is distinctly curious that we should be practically the last nation to issue one. However, better late than never!

A USEFUL PURPOSE.

NOW that lawn tennis is becoming such a world-wide affair, these lists are of increasing value, and officially set on record the positions of the leading players of each country. A ranking list also serves a useful purpose as a guide in the choice of international teams, and prevents much heartburning among the players concerned. It leaves no argument. Such a list gives the selectors an unanswerable line to go on, though other factors, of course, have to be taken into consideration when choosing teams.

These are, amongst other things, form at the moment, and the ability of a player to produce his best under certain conditions. An order of merit, too, will invariably act as an incentive to many young players of either sex to fight their way forward into their country's list, and thus the general standard in that country will be raised.

I would go further than a National list, and insist that every affiliated club in the land had its own ladder, on which every member, by challenging the man directly above him, would have his chance of eventually working his way to the top.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

OUR selection committee are to be reinforced this season by L. A. Godfree, who is taking the place of F. L. Riseley, the famous veteran. Godfree, who has won honours at Wimbledon on more than one occasion and in Davis cup matches, is still very much in the game. Being also acquainted with conditions abroad, his judgment on these matters, and knowledge of current form, will be of exceptional value.

The same cannot quite be said of the other members of the committee, Roper Barrett, Mav-

rogordato, Batley, and Prebble, although all are undoubtedly very sound judges of the game, and with the exception of Batley, especially the first mentioned, have taken a very prominent part on the courts in the past. Nowadays, however, outside Wimbledon and an occasional visit to Queen's, our selectors do not see much competitive tennis.

Perhaps for this reason more fresh blood might have been introduced this year with advantage, and the present generation thereby brought into closer touch with the powers-that-be. Two of the ladies, Mrs. Godfree and Mrs. Mavrogordato, who have been co-opted to assist the selectors in the choice of women's teams, will make this committee into quite a family affair. The third woman representative, Miss Rose, is the well-known Surrey match secretary. The task of any selectors is a mighty difficult job, and one in which it is impossible to please everybody.

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

THERE is something in Gerald Patterson's contention that every member of a touring team, before his or her final selection, should have to pass a medical examination certifying fitness. At the same time, it would hardly seem possible for any player to reach the point where he was likely to be chosen for a Davis Cup match without his being physically fit. All the members of both the women's and the men's South African teams which are invading Europe this coming season will, it is said, have to produce medical certificates of fitness before they can start.

RED LINES AND SCARLET BALLS.

AN excellent suggestion to replace the existing white lines of the covered courts at Queen's Club by red ones has recently been put forward, and may be tried out before the next championships take place. It has always been particularly difficult for the linesmen to give accurate decisions under cover at Queen's, because they



Lawn Tennis at Mentone. Brame Hill-yard, the English veteran (left) and S. D. Stefani, the Italian crack player.

cannot clearly see the white ball against the thick white lines of the wooden floor. The ball often appears to be out when it isn't, and *vice versa*.

Long ago, for a similar reason, red lines were introduced into the racquet courts with distinct success, and green ones to mark off the chases at real tennis. Therefore, in all probability red lines for covered courts will be found an immense improvement and will lessen the number of mistakes which have occurred in the past. Should this innovation come up to expectations, all covered courts are likely to follow suit in the near future.

As an alternative, a coloured ball might be tested and found to improve visibility under certain conditions. Experiments on these lines

have, as a matter of fact, been going on quite recently in the States. All colours of the rainbow for tennis balls seem to have been carefully tried out, but in the end a bright scarlet was adopted and found to be most satisfactory, and has been favourably reported on by those who have used it.



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MOTORING SECTION

Now for the Touring Season

By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce

BUDGET or no Budget; an early Easter means an early start for the real motoring season, and many people will be undertaking the wonderful adventure of their first tour in the course of the next few days. From one point of view, motoring is an all-the-year pursuit, but, generally speaking, little touring is attempted until the leaves begin to show.

But what a fascinatingly worrying business the preparation for that first tour can be! First, is the car in a fit condition to turn its back definitely for a week or more on its normal base of operations—home, and

chanical skill is scarcely a handicap in these days of extreme reliability; though it must be admitted that a general idea of the principle of operation of the car as a whole, and of each of its essential parts, is undoubtedly an advantage. The advantage is one of ease of mind; fear of breakdown vanishes when one has a working acquaintance with the mechanics of the vehicle.

It is quite a good scheme, therefore, for the beginner who wishes for a trouble-free Easter tour to take a little trouble with text book and the actual car to understand just how to examine carburetter and magneto, how to adjust brakes and fan belt, and similar small matters before setting out. There is no need to go in for an elaborate course of instruction, but it is certainly a relief to the mind to know that one will not be absolutely helpless in the unlikely event of trouble.

POWERS OF A CAR.

AND then there is the question of the district to be toured. Devon, Scotland, or the mountains of North Wales probably attract, but—is the car powerful enough, and is the driver sufficiently competent to undertake so ambitious a trip? The answer is invariably in the affirmative. No car is incapable of

*In a week's time the motorist's season
opens in real earnest, and our contribu-
tors deal with many phases of touring.*

climbing, or safely descending, any hill on the main roads of the British Isles—given good mechanical conditions, of course; and even those which we affectionately call "babies" are thoroughly effective touring cars within the limits of their passenger accommodation. It is true that freak hills may be found off the main roads which might prove troublesome, but the moral for the novice is obvious.

And so far as personal competency is concerned, the unreasoning fear of an unusually steep hill is quite unjustified. Even if the driver is still unable to execute perfect gear changes, there is nothing to fear if he keeps in mind the wisdom of changing too early rather than too late, and of avoiding the temptation to change up into a higher gear just because the gradient of an unknown hill momentarily becomes less severe. It is much better to ease the throttle and be patient. There is then the comforting reserve of power for anything that may turn up around any corner, and no need to perform difficult operations with clutch and lever.

Snowdonia, the most delectable district of North Wales, is painfully neglected, or so one is told, by motor tourists, and it is probably for that very reason that so many motorists are still afraid of the idea of climbing unknown hills of legendary severity.

SIMPLE LUBRICATION RULES.

THIS Easter will see not only many a driver, but many a car as well on their first long run, and if delivery has only recently been taken it is just as well to remember the necessity for easing the work of the car as much as possible until its mileage has passed the four figures. Lubrication in particular is most important on a tour. Those parts of the car which need lubrication only once a week, according to the instruction book, will require a shot of oil each day, and so far as the engine is concerned, while over-lubrication is undoubtedly a fault, it is one without serious ill effects.

The effect of under-lubrication, especially while the car is very new, is almost certainly fatal to the engine, and to the tour, whereas the unfortunate necessity to stop and clean the plugs from an excess of oil, or even the eventual need for



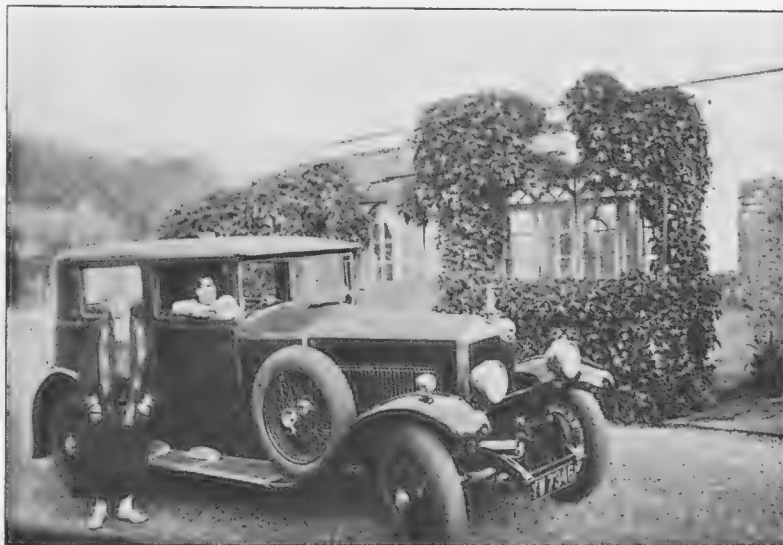
An error on the right side, though one to be avoided—over-oiling. The oil level should be carefully watched, especially in the case of new cars.

the local repairer? The idea of cutting himself adrift is not ameliorated by the knowledge that there are few parts of England, if not of Britain, where the motorist *en panne* is not within easy reach of assistance, and that although in these advanced days we do not stop and ask if help is required of each driver whose car is halted by the roadside, we do keep a willing eye open for possible requests from the stranded few

STUDY THE BOOK.

"THE stranded few!" That is the idea that the beginner should get into his, or her—for many women undertake tours without the unnecessary encumbrances of a male companion—head. Provided the car is in reasonably good running order, the chances are largely against a breakdown, in spite of the uneasy knowledge that the owner might not have the slightest idea of where to look for the trouble, or how to remedy it when found.

Lack of knowledge or me-



"Paradise," which was once a smuggler's cottage, is near Craigweil House, Bognor.

premature decarbonisation are trivial premiums to pay for immunity from serious trouble.

Naturally, over lubrication is not to be advocated except as an error on the right side. The best way of keeping the engine properly supplied on a tour is to examine the dip stick or other oil level indicator each morning before starting off on the day's run, and to make good any deficiency on the spot.

An engine which accomplishes a thousand miles per gallon of oil must not be allowed to run that thousand miles without having the sump replenished; in fact "little and often" is essentially the motto to bear in mind in regard to engine lubrication. Keep the oil level up to the maximum mark as constantly as possible; do not over-rev. the engine on any gear, and never neglect the brakes. Those are the simple rules for safety to be observed by the novice on tour.

TOO AMBITIOUS MILEAGE.

IT is as well, also, not to depart from one's usual habit in regard to the purchase of oil and petrol. There is seldom any difficulty in purchasing the usual brands in this country; and even on the Continent, where a number of the more adventurous spirits may venture this Easter, some brands of spirit are sold under the names familiar in England; while others—such as B.P.—are equally readily obtainable, though the names Energic in France and Olex in Germany do not at first suggest that it is a British fuel to which our engines are used.

A point upon which the beginner is apt to go astray on a first tour is in trying to be too ambitious in regard to mileage. The car slips over the ground so easily, and he knows that he can easily exceed a distance of 200 miles in a day, that he is liable to plan a tour covering so much ground that such daily mileages will be inevitable, day after day. This again is fatal to enjoyment, and even when the driver is used to being constantly at the wheel, successive long days become very wearing.

It is not possible to lay down hard and fast rules on this matter, of course, because the temperament and physical condition of the driver, and the nature of roads and country traversed have an essential bearing on the distance that can be comfortably accomplished; but the best plan is to map out the tour on a basis of a very moderate daily mileage—say 100 miles—and modify it later in any way that proves convenient.

It is very disappointing to have to cut out a part of a keenly anticipated trip through over-estimating one's capabilities; but on the other hand extension beyond that which one thought possible is both easy and gratifying.

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The Lake District will doubtless attract many motorists this Easter. An alluring view from Butter Crag, Easedale Fell.

ACEDES cars have always scored heavily on the question of power to weight ratio, and the latest examples are no exception. In the case of the sedan, or cosy saloon, model tested, it is no exaggeration to say that the car's performance was really remarkable. Those who know Bury Hill, on the road to Bognor, will appreciate something of the power of the car when it is stated that, with three up, this hill was climbed easily on top gear and at no point did the engine tend to labour or give evidence of undue strain. With a maximum speed in excess of 60 miles an hour, the car has a comfortable cruising speed of 50, and its flexibility and acceleration at all road speeds from a walking pace upwards are quite exceptional.

The Acedes, and its predecessor the A.C., have always been given the credit of being among the prettiest cars on the road, so that one can say that this new model is essentially a car for the woman driver without suggesting that it is not at the same time a real "man's car." Its performance soon dispels the latter illusion, but all the controls are so light and naturally positioned that it lends itself particularly to feminine use.

There was, in the model tested, one exception to this rule—the steering. Great improvement, especially from a woman's

point of view, would be gained by lowering the wheel somewhat, in order that the upper rim should not cut across the driver's line of vision.

Apart from this there was no single item of performance or control which was open to adverse criticism. The body was as cosy as its name suggests, while the suspension was beyond reproach. The actual steering was light, with a pleasant degree of castering action, while the brakes were smooth and powerful, as befits a car capable of so high an average speed.

OPEN OR CLOSED CARS?

IN spite of the undoubted fact that the proportion of closed cars sold by motor manufacturers increases each year, and that the indications are that the time is not far off when the number of open tourers sold will be almost negligible, an astonishingly large proportion of the latter have been noticed on the roads recently.

On one particular run along the Kingston by-pass during one of the several recent cold snaps, the proportion of open to closed cars counted was as seven to three. The long useful life of the modern car is, no doubt, responsible, because there is no question that a vastly greater percentage of closed cars is being sold now by every maker, while quite a number simply are not selling open cars at all.

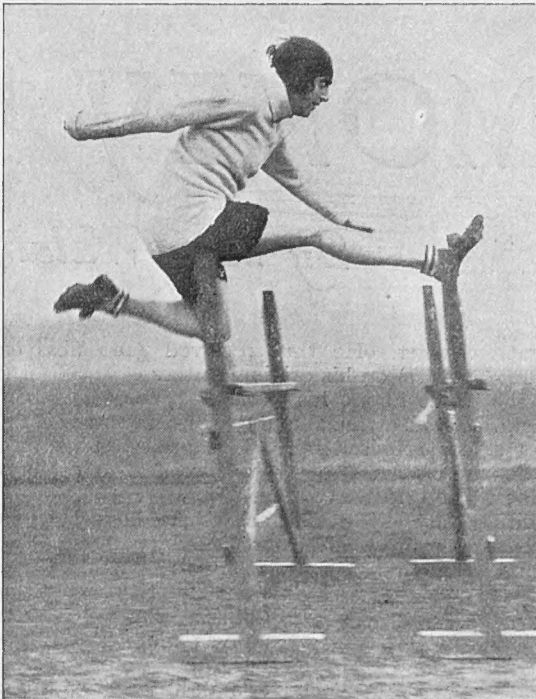


The 16-65 h.p. Acedes car possesses fine hill-climbing powers and its flexibility and acceleration at all road speeds are exceptional.

"THROUGH EUROPE AND THE BALKANS."

ONE of the most interesting, as well as the most useful, motor touring volumes that have yet been published recently made its appearance under the joint authorship of Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Etherton and Mr. A. Dunscombe Allen. *Through Europe and the Balkans* is something more than a mere book of travel. It is an entrancing narrative of a tour which most of us would have liked to share, and gives evidence of a depth of understanding of native ways and manners of thought, in out-of-the-way corners of Europe, which most of us must be content to envy. Even for those motorists who have no immediate intention of touring on the Continent the book makes interesting reading.

SOME SEASONABLE SPORT STUDIES



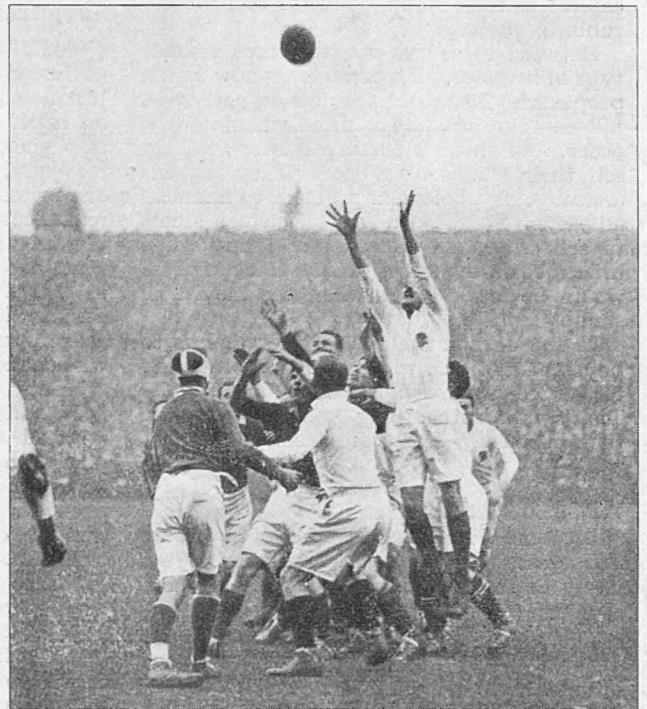
A promising woman hurdler, Miss C. Cannon of the Polytechnic, training at Battersea Park. She is taking two hurdles at one jump.



Captain A. F. W. Gossage, of the 17th/21st Lancers, on Drin won the Military Go'd Cup at Sandown on Saturday. Our picture shows the field at the first jump.



By beating England by 12 points to 6, Scotland won both the Rugby Championship and the Calcutta Cup. Scotland get the ball smartly away from the scrum.



All hands to the ball. There was some lively forward play in the International match at Murrayfield. England are in danger of sharing the "wooden spoon" with France.



Last week Golden Surprise won the blue ribbon of the Coursing World, the Waterloo Cup. Mr. A. Gordon Smith (centre) is seen above with his trainer and dog.



In the Lacrosse Senior Flags final, the holders, Oxford University, suffered defeat at the hands of Lee by 3 goals to 2.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

INVESTORS can be divided into two main classes—those who aim at safety of capital and those who “buy for the rise” without going into the merits of the shares. The former invariably are content with a progressive investment—one which will appreciate gradually over a period of two or three years. Not so the other class. All they understand is buying for a big rise and getting rich quickly. Frequently they end up by buying blindly anything that is tipped for a rise. And when the market goes against them their capital is tied up in doubtful securities—rubbish, perhaps.

Between these two classes comes another type of investor. I am referring now to the people who buy ostensibly for an early rise, fail to take advantage of it when it does occur, and then, when markets are falling, sell their shares at a loss. They present a strange psychological problem to financial advisers. Mankind never by chance seems to sell on a rising market and buy when prices are on the downgrade. If it did there would be fewer losses when the inevitable slump came.

In speculation the rule of the game is to buy in dull times when prices are low and to sell when markets are active and strong. That's how astute City financiers conduct their business. And professional speculators too.

THE WRONG WAY.

LET me give you an instance of how some investors go about such matters. Just lately a case was brought to my notice where a speculator had bought last year a gramophone share around 9s. The price subsequently shot up rapidly to 16s. The holder, although he had a profit of about 7s. a share, or over 75 per cent. appreciation on his outlay, failed to take it. I don't know why; perhaps cupidity got the better of him.

Now the other day, when markets were depressed and nobody wanted the shares in question, I was asked if he ought to sell out at 3s. 3d. Why did he buy them? Obviously to make a profit; but he allowed the opportunity to slip by. A man who buys a share at 9s., shuts his eyes when the price reaches 16s., opens them at 3s. 3d. and then realises his position, has no business speculating. He should put his money in the safest possible investment.

Where an investor buys a share in the hope of a rise and it does not materialise, he is not to be blamed for holding on when the price declines. He has not had a run for his money. But there must be thousands of

investors who lose money by holding out for the uttermost sixpence. If a share has had a quick and rapid rise, a profit should be taken on the first sign of a setback in the price.

I know how disappointing it would be if the advance were resumed afterwards; but if investors were to get into the habit of forgetting about a share once it had been sold, there would be no after-regrets that it had not been held for another one shilling a share profit.

ARTIFICIAL AND REAL PROFITS.

SOMETIMES I think that the average investor feels just as content with a profit on paper as with a profit in the pocket. They do not recognise, perhaps, that the one is artificial and the other real. I come to this conclusion because when I discussed that aspect of investment in BRITANNIA of December 21st last I received afterwards a strong protest from a reader who challenged my view that “profits on paper are artificial and not real.” He asserted that there was no difference between a profit on paper and a profit in the pocket. You had it in either case, he contended.

Like some investors, I consider that he failed to recognise the marked difference between so intangible a thing as capital appreciation and something tangible as a real profit is. There is an old saying that you cannot eat your cake and still have it. My critic was endeavouring to prove the contrary, it seemed to me.

Suppose two friends had decided upon a joint gamble in 200 Duophone shares last summer when the price was £2. They were then a popular tip, and you may remember that within the space of a few weeks the price afterwards rose to well over £4. Assume that A decided to take his profit when around that figure. He sold his share (100 shares) and made a profit of £2 a share, or £200 (less expenses) on his original outlay of £200, which he received back, of course.

On the other hand, B, like my critic, regarded a profit on paper the same as a real profit, and, therefore, decided that there was no need to sell the shares. Then came the slump and B was advised to get out of the shares, which he did at £1, before the price went down

further. He thus received £100 (less expenses) on his original outlay of £200. But what about his profit of £200 on paper? It was artificial and so non-existent when he came to sell out. If a profit on paper is real then B ought to have had a profit of £200 extra as A had.

My critic also asked me how I would measure wealth represented by investments,

if not by the paper value—that is, by the quotation. A quotation is merely a value at a given moment and the measure of a prospective buyer's desire to acquire a particular investment. The real value of an investment is what it will fetch when it is put on the market. In measuring one's wealth in investments all we can say is that the value on such and such a date was so much according to the prices then ruling.

INVESTMENT POINTERS.

ASKED by a reader the other day for three sound South American loans to yield over 6 per cent., I selected the following:—Chilean 6 p.c. bonds at 96½, Brazilian 5 p.c. (1913) loan at 77½, and Peruvian 6 p.c. loan at 90½. The credit of

all three countries is good.

A sound industrial, about which one hears but little, has just been brought to my notice. This is the £1 ordinary shares of Associated Dyers and Cleaners. The company owns the century old businesses of Eastman and also of Pullar of Perth. The dividend for 1928 is not yet out.

For 1927 the rate was 12½ per cent., which, if repeated, would give a return of over 5½ per cent. on the shares at present price of 45s. The company's reserve accounts stand practically at the same figure as the whole ordinary capital. The 6½ per cent. preference shares with the dividend covered 4½ times over would be a fairly safe purchase at 22s.

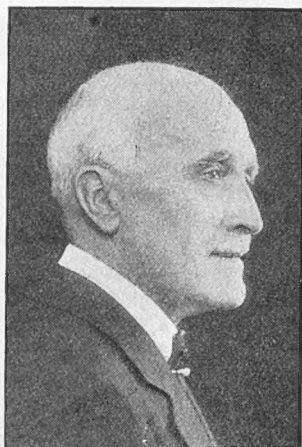
Now as to a few high-yielding shares. I have pointed out often before that to obtain yields of 7 to 7½ per cent., and more, a certain risk must be taken.

Three shares which, in my opinion, should appeal to anyone on the look-out for a good return with a reasonable and not an undue risk are:—Singer 7 per cent. £1 preference at 19s.; Provincial Cinematograph 7½ per cent. preferred ordinary at 19s., and Taylor's Cash Chemists Trust 7½ per cent. preferred ordinary at 19s.

As regards Singer, this is the motor firm which returned such splendid profits last year. Provincial Cinematograph preferred participate in surplus profits after the ordinary shares have received 15 per cent. in dividend, which they had last year.



Mr. G. G. Sim, who is the new deputy-chairman of Vickers-Armstrong, was formerly Financial Commissioner of Railways, Government of India.



The sub-committee on Reparations, presided over by Lord Revelstoke, is examining a proposal for the establishment of an international bank.

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued)

THE TIME TO BUY.

IT is in these quiet times when the stock markets are so sensitive to any adverse influences, and prices are more disposed to ease off than go ahead, that shrewd investors can pick up bargains. I do not mean sound stocks and shares at rubbish prices; no sensible person would sell a really good share at a "knock-out" price. I simply mean at attractive prices.

In passing, I would direct your attention to the fact that both 5 per cent. War Loan and the 6 per cent. guaranteed Austrian loan each carry nearly four months' interest. In other words, those who purchase now one or other will receive a full six months' interest on June 1st next.

Now for a few attractive stocks and shares. Underground Electric Railways 6 per cent. income bonds, I see, have come back to about £112. A few weeks ago the quotation was £130. These bonds are an unique combination of an investment and speculation. An investment because of their security; a speculation because holders have the option of converting up to 1930 their bonds into Underground Electric £1 ordinary shares at 21s. for each £1 bond.

Supposing that within the option period the market price of the shares rises to 27s., bondholders by exercising their option can obtain the shares at 21s., direct from the company, of course.

While on railway securities, I might as well mention that Southern Railway 5 per cent preference stock can be picked up at about £90. At that figure it gives a yield of £5 11s. per cent., a good yield on a well-secured trustee stock, for such it is.

Among absolutely sound industrial shares, I see the £1 five per cent. preference shares of Fine Spinners are standing at 18s. 6d. With a large amount of ordinary capital ranking behind them, there is no question about the merits of these preference shares. Calico Printers five per cent. preference shares, also a sound industrial, can be picked up around 18s. 3d.

Two industrials, with variable dividends, that might be watched are:—Wall Paper Manufacturers deferred and Maypole Dairy deferred shares. Only a few weeks back the Wall Paper shares were changing hands at 50s. At the moment of writing, the quotation is down to 46s. Should the price recede further to below 45s. the shares would certainly be worth picking up. The last dividend was 15 per cent.

Maypole deferred have eased off from 6s. If, perchance, they drop below 5s., buy them as an investment.

GOLD MINING ON THE RAND.

HOW long will profitable gold mining continue on the Rand? For several years this problem has been exercising the minds of geologists and mining men in the Transvaal. And investors, too. Pessimists predict the early decline of the industry; optimists refuse to believe that the limit in deep mining on the Rand has been reached yet. Better and more improved methods in mining, they assert, will lengthen the life of the gold field.

The subject is discussed at length in the *South African Mining Review* by Mr. W. H. Jones, a mining engineer of long experience. He holds the view that the gold output of the Rand can and will be maintained on its present basis for several years to come. "An intelligent appreciation of the progressive policies of the mining houses will convey to the mind the ultimate expansion in crushing capacity of several producing mines."

Myself, I believe that in time scientific research coupled with cheaper materials will enable costs to be so reduced that a considerable quantity of low-grade ore, at present left untouched, will be available for milling. According to Mr. Jones, "if only 3 dwt. of rock can be brought into focus there is not a mine on the Rand but would have a lease of life equal to at least twice that of its present life."

In conclusion, Mr. Jones says that it is for the future to give to the world authentic data of the wealth still to be extracted from the conglomerate beds of the Rand. The life of the goldfield is for all practical purposes unlimited, and can be reckoned "in terms of 200 years, or longer." It is really of little moment to regard a time limit as of any value.

INSURANCE OF RENT.

THE approach of Lady Day, when many premiums of insurance fall due for renewal, reminds me of an important aspect of fire insurance. Few people, I imagine, fail to insure their property against loss by fire; but how many omit to insure against loss of rent? The question of rent insurance vitally affects landlords, tenants, and even owner occupiers.

If a house is burned down and the tenant consequently is no longer responsible for the payment of rent, the landlord is immediately out of pocket to that extent. Even if a tenant, notwithstanding the fire, is still responsible for the rent, a rent insurance policy would cover the landlord's position in the event of the tenant being unable to pay because he has also to pay for new accommodation elsewhere.

My view is that a tenant should always have a rent insurance whether or not he is relieved of his responsibility to the landlord for rent, as, in any case, he will have to find other accommodation in the event of a serious fire. And the new rent may easily be in excess of the former rent. If rent insurance is necessary both for landlords and tenants, little need be said as to why such protection is essential for owner occupiers.

Messrs. Frederick C. Mathieson and Sons, the publishers of so many indispensable investment handbooks, have just brought out new editions of *Nitrate Facts and Figures* (price 5s. net); *Gramophone Companies* (1s. net); and *Mathiesons' Traffic Tables* (1s. net). The handbook on gramophone companies gives essential details of the concerns whose shares are upon the market, while the traffic tables give the essential statistics relating to home and foreign railways.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to enquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

THEY SAY IN THE CITY—

THAT the monetary situation and its effect upon markets is being exaggerated.

That, despite the holidays and the impending General Election, security prices will keep steady.

That a decided improvement in conditions in the oil industry is about to take place; and that the better-class oil shares are worth picking up.

That Johannesburg is tipping Potgieterust Platinums as a speculative lock-up.

That the rise in copper shares is not yet finished.

That the Dunlop Rubber report may be more favourable than was thought at one time; and that the dividend for the past year may be 25 per cent.

That the profits of the Fine Cotton Spinners have been smaller; and that the dividend for the past year, probably, will be 10 per cent.

That the earnings of the United Dairies have been on a record scale in the past financial year.

That the United Molasses Company intends to make a share issue on bonus terms.

That Woolworths' shares are to be introduced to the London market.

That good Easter traffics will give the Home Railway market a much-needed tonic.

That International Nickels, although talked higher, are overvalued on near prospects.

That no sensible advance is likely to take place in rubber during the next month or two.

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FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued).

America Using More Rubber

Influence of the statistical position upon the commodity price

MOST of the influences, upon which depends the market value of rubber, favour a further advance in the price of the commodity. At the moment there is no over-production, and, as wintering is now in full swing on rubber plantations, this is the period of smaller crops. During the next two or three months, shipments of the commodity should be on a reduced scale so that no large accumulation of stocks in consuming countries is to be expected.

The average investor, I find, pays little attention to the statistical position from time to time of the rubber-growing industry, although that is the barometer of its condition. Some people are content week by week to watch the fluctuating quantities of the London stocks of rubber. Just now the vital statistics are those appertaining to the American consumption of rubber, known as the questionnaire figures. The United States tyre industry is, of course, the largest user of rubber.

MORE RUBBER BEING USED.

AMERICA is now using more rubber. The questionnaire figures of recent months make that plain. The total quantity of rubber consumed in the United States in January was 43,002 tons and, up till then, the largest amount used in any one month. The February figure is 41,594 tons; but, allowing for the fact that January contained 26 working days and February only 22, owing to holidays, the latest figures are more impressive than they appear at first sight.

Actually the daily average for February works out at 1,890 tons, as against 1,654 tons in January. According to my records, the February daily average never has been surpassed.

Now, one must not jump to any hasty conclusions. In theory, as the demand increases so the price of the commodity should trend upwards. But with rubber a practical view has to be taken. Much will depend upon America's actual needs and the cardinal question of future rubber prices will not be answered until this year's sales, or the Spring trade, show whether or not the enormous expansion in motor-car manufacture is justified.

A RESTRAINING INFLUENCE.

WHAT is holding the price of rubber in check is not so much the uncertainty as to whether the rate of consumption in America will be maintained at a satisfactory average as the heaviness of the shipments of the commodity from the East. Malayan shipments for February amounted to nearly 48,000 tons, a comparatively heavy quantity.

But it has to be remembered that with the removal of restriction rubber growers can export as much rubber as they desire, and

the probability is that many estates which are short of ready cash are simply throwing their stocks upon the market. Apparently the market has had no difficulty in absorbing the additional quantity that has come forward.

It is anticipated, now that the rubber plantations are wintering, exports of rubber from the East will tend to fall off. So long as production and consumption can be kept fairly well balanced, a serious setback in the price of rubber is unlikely.



View on a rubber plantation in the F.M.S., showing tappers collecting latex from the trees.

DEMAND STIMULANT.

THERE is no doubt that the very marked increase in the consumption of rubber during the latter part of 1928 was induced by the low range of prices then ruling for the commodity. The price of rubber is now a shade over 1s. per lb. It is not thought likely that a price of 1s. 3d., or even 1s. 6d.,

would retard the present rate of consumption to any material extent, if arrived at gradually.

It is the violent price changes that upset the raw rubber market. A quick and sudden advance from 1s. to about 1s. 6d. would upset completely manufacturers' plans. The effect would be a cessation of buying in the hope of the price coming back. Consumers of rubber do not mind a gradual rise in the price; one that would give them time to make preparations to meet the higher cost. A rapid advance invariably means losses to them.

SHARE VALUES.

AS I am hopeful concerning the prospects of the rubber-growing industry it might be inferred that I favour rubber shares as an investment for the future. In a sense I do. Holders of good-class shares who care to exercise patience for another twelvemonth are likely to see prices appreciably higher.

At the same time I would like to emphasise that I consider too many rubber shares at the moment are over-valued on immediate dividend-earning capacity. For that reason I hesitate to recommend indiscriminately purchases of rubber shares for early capital appreciation.

Quotations have been improving in value steadily since December. The public may not have noticed the upward movement, since, curiously enough, there has been comparatively little activity in the rubber share market. Prices have gone up of their own volition, to use a common market expression. Because holders during the late period of depression refused to part with shares for an old song, the market supply of rubber shares is limited.

Lately I have known instances of where bids at the quoted price failed to bring out 1,000 shares. What then happens? The prospective buyer probably instructs the broker to give a shilling per share more in the hope of inducing sellers to come forward. In the rubber share market shares may rise 3d. one day and 3d. the next without a single share changing hands. A. G. WALSH.



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